

Æ S O P. (3)

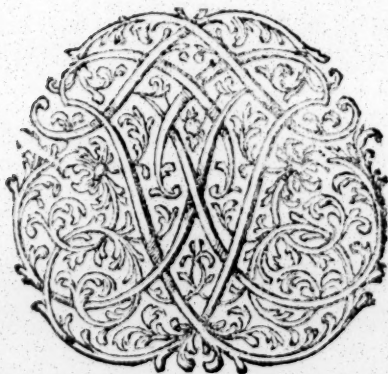
A

C O M E D Y.

With the Addition of

A SECOND PART.

Written by Mr. VANBRUG.



L O N D O N.

Printed for the Company of Booksellers.



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## P R E F A C E.

**T**O speak for a Play, if it can't speak for it self, is vain; and if it can, 'tis needless. For one of these reasons ( I can't yet tell which, for 'tis now but the second day of acting ) I resolve to say nothing for *Æsop*, though I know he'd be glad of help; for let the best happen than can, his journey's up-hill, with a dead English weight at the tail of him.

At *Paris* indeed, he scrambled up something faster ( for 'twas up-hill there too ) than I'm afraid he will do here. The *French* having more *mercury* in their heads, and less beef and pudding in their bellies. Our solidity may set hard, what their folly makes easie; for Fools I own they are: you know we have found 'em so in the conduct of the war; I wish we may do so in the management of the Peace; but that's neither *Æsop's* business, nor mine.

This Play, Gentlemen ( or one not much unlike it ) was writ in *French* about six years since, by one Monsieur *Botrfsaut* \*: 'twas play'd at *Paris* by the French Comedians, and this was its fate.

The first day it appear'd it was routed; People seldom being fond of what they don't understand, their own sweet persons excepted. The second, by the help of some bold Knight errants it rally'd. The third it advanc'd. The

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fourth

\* This was writ in 1697.

# P R E F A C E.

fourth it gave a vigorous attack; and the fifth put all the Feathers in Town to the scamper, pursuing 'em on to the fourteenth, and then they cry'd out quarter.

'Tis not reasonable to expect *Æsop* should gain so great a victory here, since 'tis possible by fooling with his sword, I may have turn'd the edge on't. For I confess in the Translation I have not at all stuck to the original; nay, I have gone farther, I have wholly added the fifth Act, and crowded a Country Gentleman into the fourth, for which I ask Monsieur *Boursauts* pardon with all my heart, but doubt I never shall obtain it, for bringing him into such company. Though after all, had I been so complaisant to have waited on his Play word for word, 'tis possible even that might not have ensur'd the success of it. For though it swam in *France*, it might have sunk in *England*. Their Country abounds in cork, ours in lead.





# PROLOGUE.

**G**allants, we never yet produc'd a Play  
With greater fears, than this we act to-day.  
Barren of all the graces of the stage,  
Barren of all that entertains this age.  
No Heroe, no Romance, no Plot, no show,  
No rape, no barudy, no intrigue, no Beau.  
There's nothing in't with which we use to please ye:  
With downright dull instruction w'are to tease ye:  
The stage turns pulpit, and the world's so fickle,  
The Play-House in a whim turns Conventicle.  
But preaching here must prove a hungry trade,  
The patentees will find so, I'm afraid;  
For though with Heavenly zeal you all abound,  
As by your lives and morals may be found;  
Though every female here o'erflows with Grace,  
And chaste Diana's written in her face;  
Though maids renounce the sweets of fornication,  
And one lewd Wife's not left in all the Nation;  
Though men grow true, and the foul Fiend desie;  
Though Tradesmen cheat no more, nor Lawyers lie,  
Though not one spot be found on Levys tribe;  
Nor one soft Courtier that will touch a bribe;  
Yet in the midst of such religious days,  
Sermons have never borne the price of Plays.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. M E N.

ÆSOP.

LEARCUS, Governour of *Syzicus*.

ORONCES, in love with *Euphronia*.

## W O M E N.

EUPHRONIA, Daughter to *Learcus*, in love  
with *Oronces*.

DORIS, her Nurse.

People who come to *Æsop*, upon several occasions  
independent one of another.

Two Country Tradesmen.

ROGER, a Country Bumkin.

QUAINT, a Herald.

FRUITFUL, an Inn-keeper.

A Country Gentleman.

A Priest, Musicians, &c.

HORTENTIA, an affected Learned Lady.

AMINTA, a Lewd Mother.

FORGEWILL, Scriveners Widow.

FRUITFUL, Wite to the Inn-keeper.



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A C T. I

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*Learcus's House.*

*Enter Learcus, Euphronia and Doris.*

LEARCUS.

**A**T length I am blest with the sight of the worlds wonder, the delight of mankind, the incomparable *Æsop*. You had time to observe him last night, Daughter, as he sat at supper with me. Tell me how you like him, child, is he not a charming person?

*Euph.* Charming?

*Lear.* What say'st thee to him, *Doris*? Thou art a good judge, a wench of a nice palate.

*Dor.* You would not have me flatter, Sir?

*Lear.* No, speak thy thoughts boldly.

A 4

*Dor.*

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A 4

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*Dor.* Boldly you say?

*Lear.* Boldly I say.

*Dor.* Why then, Sir, my opinion of the Gentleman is. That he's uglier than an old Beau.

*Lear.* How, Impudence?

*Dor.* Nay if you are angry, Sir, second thoughts are best; he's as proper as a pike-man: Holds up his head like a dancing master: has the shape of a Barber, the face of an Angel, the voice of a Cherubin, the smell of a civet-cat...

*Lear.* In short, thou art fool enough not to be pleas'd with him.

*Dor.* Excuse me for that, Sir, I have wit enough to make my self merry with him...

*Lear.* If his body's deform'd, his Soul is beautiful: would to kind Heaven as he is, my Daughter could but find the means to please him.

*Euph.* To what end, dear Father?

*Lear.* That he might be your Husband, dear Daughter.

*Euph.* My Husband! Shield me kind Heaven...

*Dor.* Psha! He has a mind to make us laugh, that's all.

*Lear.* Æsop then is not worth her care, in thy opinion?

*Dor.* Why truly, Sir, I'm always for making suitable matches, and don't much approve of breeding monsters. I would have nothing marry a baboon, but what has been got by a monkey.

*Lear.* How dar'st thou liken so incomparable a man, to so contemptible a beast?

*Dor.* Ah, the inconstancy of this world, out of sight, out of mind. Your little monkey is scarce cold in his grave, and you have already forgot what you us'd so much to admire: do but call him to remembrance, Sir, in his red coat, new gloves, little hat, and clean linnen; then discharge your

conscience

conscience, utter the truth from your heart, and tell us whether he was not the prettier Gentleman of the two ... By my virginity, Sir, (tho' that's but a slippery oath you'll say) had they made love to me together, *Æsop* should have worn the willow.

*Lear*. Since nothing but an animal will please thee, 'tis pity my monkey had not that virginity thou hast sworn by. But I, whom wisdom charms, even in the homeliest dress, can never think the much deserving *Æsop* unworthy of my daughter.

*Dor*. Now in the name of wonder what is't you so admire in him?

*Lear*. Hark, and thou shalt know; but you *Euphonia*, Be you more especially attentive.

'Tis true he's plain but that, my girl's a trifle.

All manly beauty's seated in the soul;

And that of *Æsop*, envy's self must own,

Outshines what'er the world has yet produc'd.

*Cæsar*, the prosperous favourite of Heaven;

*Cæsar*, the happiest Potentate on earth;

Whole treasure, though immense, is the least part

Of what he holds from providences care,

Leans on his shoulder, as his grand support,

Admires his wisdom, doats upon his truth,

And makes him Pilot to Imperial sway.

But in this elevated post of power,

What's his employ? Where does he point his thoughts?

To live in splendour, luxury and ease,

Do endless mischiefs, by neglecting good,

And build his family on others ruins?

No:  
He serves the Prince, and serves the people too;

Is useful to the rich, and helps the poor;

There's nothing stands neglected, but himself.

With constant pain, and yet with constant joy,

A 5

From

From place to place, throughout the realm he goes  
 With useful lessons, form'd to every rank;  
 The people learn obedience from his tongue;  
 The Magistrate is guided in command;  
 The Prince is minded of a fathers care:  
 The subject's taught the duty of a child.  
 And as 'tis dangerous to be bold with truth,  
 He often calls for Fable to his aid,  
 Where under abject names of beasts and birds,  
 Virtue shines out, and vice is cloath'd in shame:  
 And thus by inoffensive wisdoms force  
 He conquers folly wheresoe'er he moves:  
 This is his portrait.

*Dor.* A very good picture of a very ill face.

*Lear.* Well, Daughter; what, not a word? Is  
 possible any thing that I am Father of can be  
 touch'd with so much merit?

*Euph.* My duty may make all things possible; but  
*Æsop* is so ugly, Sir.

*Lear.* His soul has so much beauty in't, you  
 Reason ought to blind your eyes: besides, my  
 interest is concern'd: his power alarms me. I know  
 throughout the Kingdom he's the scourge of  
 Magistrates. Turns out Governours when they  
 tyrants; breaks Officers for false musters; excludes  
 Judges from giving Sentence, when they have been  
 absent during the trial: hangs Lawyers when they  
 take fees on both sides; forbids Physicians to take  
 money of those they don't cure... 'Tis true, my  
 innocence ought to banish my fears: But my Govern-  
 ment, child, is too delicious a morsel, not to  
 many a frail mouth a watering. Who knows what  
 accusations envy may produce? But all would be lost  
 if thou cou'dst touch the heart of *Æsop*. Let me  
 up thy ambition, girl; the fire of that will make  
 eyes sparkle at him.

...What's that sigh for now? Ha?

A young Husband, by my conscience: Ah, Daughter, had'st thou a young husband, he'd make thee sigh indeed. I'll tell thee what he's compos'd of. He has a wigg full of pulvilio; a pocket full of dice; a heart full of treason; a mouth full of lies; a belly full of drink; a carcass full of plaisters; a tail full of pox; and a head full of... nothing. There's his picture; wear it at thy heart if thou can'st. But here comes one of greater worth.

*Enter Æsop.*

*Lear.* Good morning to my noble Lord; your Excellency ...

*Æsop.* Softly, good Governour: I'm a poor wanderer from place to place; too weak to train the weight of grandeur with me: The name of Excellency's not for me.

*Lear.* My noble Lord, 'tis due to your employ; your predecessors all...

*Æsop.* My predecessors all deserv'd it, Sir, They were great men, in wisdom, birth and service, Whilst I, a poor, unknown, decrepit wretch Mounted aloft only for Fortunes pastime, Expect each moment to conclude the farce, By sinking to the mud from whence I sprung.

*Lear.* Great *Cræsus* gratitude will still support you; His coffers all are open to your will, Your future fortune's wholly in your power.

*Æsop.* But 'tis a power that I shall ne'er employ.

*Lear.* Why so, My Lord?

*Æsop.* I'll tell you, Sir.

*A hungry Goat, who had not eat  
Some nights and days... (for want of meat)  
Was kindly brought at last  
By providences care*



To better cheer,  
After a more than penitential fast.

He found a barn well stor'd with grain,  
To enter in requir'd some pain,  
But a delicious bait  
Makes the way easie, though the pass is strait.

Our Guest observing various meats,  
He put on a good modish face,  
He takes his place,  
He ne'er says grace,  
But where he likes, he there falls to and eats.

At length with jaded teeth and jaws,  
He made a pause;  
And finding still some room,  
Fell to as he had done before,  
For time to come laid in his store;  
And when his guts cou'd hold no more,  
He thought of going home.

But here he met the gluttons curse;  
He found his belly grown so great,  
'Twas vain to think of a retreat,  
'Till he had render'd all h'ad eat,  
And well he far'd no worse.

To the application, Governour.

Lear. 'Tis easie to be made, My Lord.

Æsop. I'm glad on't. Truth can never be clear.

[ Seeing Euphrosyne.

Is this young damsel your fair Daughter, Sir?

Lear. 'Tis my Daughter, my good Lord: Fair too, if she appears such in the eyes of the unerring Æsop.

Æsop going up to salute her. ] I never saw so beautiful a creature.

Lear. fire him.

Æsop.

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[ Seeing Euphrosyne.

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Euph.

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Lear



Lear. *Aside.* ] Now's the time; kiss soft girl, and fire him.

Æsop *gazing at her.* ] 'How partial's Nature 'twixt her form and mine?

Lear. *Aside* ] Look, look, look, how he gazes at her... *Cupid's* hard at work, I see that already. Slap; there he hits him... If the wench would but do her part: But see, see, how the perverse young baggage stands biting her thumbs, and won't give him one kind glance... Ah the sullen jade: Had it been a handiome strong dog of five and twenty, she'd a fall'n a coquetting on't, with every inch about her. But may be it's I that spoil sport, I'll make a pretence to leave 'em together. Will your Lordship please to drink any coffee this morning?

Æsop. With all my heart, Governour.

Lear. Your Lordship will give me leave to go and order it my self; for unless I am by, 'tis never perfect.

Æsop. Provided you leave me this fair maid in hostage for your return, I consent.

Lear. My good Lord do's my Daughter too much honour.

[*Aside. going off.*

That the wench wou'd but do her part...

Hark you, hussy... [*Turning back to Euphronia, Aside.*

You can give your self airs sometimes, you know you can: Do you remember what work you made with your self at Church t'other day? Play your tricks over again once more for my pleasure, and let me have a good account of this Statesman, or, dy'e be to hear? ... You shall die a maid, go chew upon that;

[*Exit Lear.*

Æsop. Here I am left, fair damsel, too much expos'd to your charms, not to fall your victim.

Euph. Your fall will then be due to your own weakness, Sir; for Heaven's my witness, I neither endeavour, nor wish to wound you.

Æsop.

*Æsop.* I understand you, Lady; your heart's already dispos'd of; 'tis seldom otherways at your age.

*Euph.* My heart dispos'd of?

*Dor.* Nay, never mince the matter, Madam, The Gentleman looks like a civil Gentleman, 'e confess the truth to him: He has a good interest with your Father; and no doubt will employ it to break the heathenish match he proposes to you.

To *Æsop.* ] Yes, Sir, My young Lady has been in love these two years, and that with as pretty a fellow as ever enter'd a virgins heart. Tall straight, young, vigorous, good cloaths, long perriwig, clean linnen; in brief, he has every thing that's necessary to set a young Lady a longing and to stay it when he has done: But her Father whose ambition makes him turn Fool in his old age comes with a back stroak upon us, and spoils all our sport. Wou'd you believe it, Sir? He has propos'd to her to-day the most confounded ugly fellow. Look, if the very thoughts of him don't set the poor thing a crying? And you, Sir, have so much power with the old Gentleman, that one word from you wou'd set us all right again. If he will have her wife, in the name of *Venus* let him provide her a handsome husband, and not throw her into the paws of a thing that Nature in a merry humour has made half man, half monkey.

*Æsop.* Pray what's this monster's name, Lady?

*Euph.* No matter for his name, Sir, my Father will know who you mean at first word.

*Æsop.* But you shou'd not always chuse by the outside alone; believe me, fair damsel, a fine perriwig keeps many a fools head from the weather; have care of your young gallant.

*Dor.* There's no danger; I have examin'd him inside's as good as his out: I say he has wit, and think I know.

*Euph.* Nay, she says true; he's even a miracle of wit and beauty: Did you but see him, you'd be your self my rival.

*Æsop.* Then you are resolv'd against the monster?

*Dor.* Fie, Sir, fie, I wonder you'll put her in mind of that foul frightful thing: We shall have her dream of nothing all night but bats and owls, and roads and hedghogs, and then shall we have such a squeeking and squaling with her, the whole house will be in an uproar. Therefore pray, Sir, name him no more, but use your interest with her Father that she may never hear of him again.

*Æsop.* But if I should be so generous to save you from the old gallant, what shall I say for your young one?

*Euph.* O, Sir, you may venture to enlarge upon his perfections; you need not fear saying too much in his praise.

*Dor.* And pray, Sir, be as copious upon the defects of t'other; you need not fear out-running the text there neither, say the worst you can.

*Euph.* You may say the first is the most graceful man that *Asia* ever brought forth.

*Dor.* And you may say the latter is the most deform'd monster that copulation ever produc'd.

*Euph.* Tell him that *Oronces* (for that's his dear name) has all the virtues that compose a perfect Heroe.

*Dor.* And tell him that *Pigmy* has all the vices that go to equip an Attorney.

*Euph.* That to one I cou'd be true to the last moment of my life.

*Dor.* That for t'other she'd cuckold him the very day of her marriage.

This, Sir, in few words, is the theme you are desir'd to preach upon.

*Æsop.* I never yet had one that furnisht me with more matter.

*Enter*

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* My Lord, there's a Lady below desires with your honour.

*Æsop.* What Lady?

*Ser.* It's my Lady... my Lady... [ *To Doris.* The Lady there, the wise Lady, the great scholar that no body can understand.

*Dor.* O ho, is it she? Pray let's withdraw, and oblige her, Madam; she's ready to swoon at the stupid sight of one of her own sex.

*Euph.* You'll excuse us, Sir, we leave you to your company. [ *Exeunt Euph. and Dor.*

*Enter Hortentia.*

*Hor.* The Muses, who from *Atropos's* breast preserve the names of Heroes and their actions, proclaim your fame throughout this mighty orb and...

*Æsop* *Aside.* ] Shield me, my stars, what have you sent me here? For pity's sake, good Lady, be more humane: my capacity is too heavy to mount to your stile: If you wou'd have me know what you mean, please to come down to my understanding.

*Hort.* I've something in my nature soars too high for vulgar flight, I own;  
But *Æsop's* sphere must needs be within call;  
*Æsop* and I may sure converse together;  
I know he's modest, but I likewise know  
His intellects are categorical.

*Æsop.* Now by my faith, Lady, I don't know what intellect is; and methinks categorical sounds if you call'd me names. Pray speak that you may be understood; Language was design'd for it; indeed it was

*Hort.* Of vulgar things, in vulgar phrase we talk,  
 But when of *Æsop* we must speak,  
 The Theme's too lofty for an humble stile:  
*Æsop* is sure no common character.

*Æsop.* No truly I am something particular. Yet;  
 If I am not mistaken, what I have extraordinary  
 about me, may be describ'd in very homely lan-  
 guage. Here was a young Gentlewoman but just  
 now pencill'd me out to a hair, I thought, and yet  
 I vow to God the learned'st word I heard her make  
 use of, was monster.

*Hort.* That was a woman, Sir, a very woman;

Her cogitations all were on the outward man.

But I strike deeper, 'tis the mind I view:

The soul's the worthy object of my care;

The soul, that sample of Divinity,

The soul that glorious ray of Heavenly light.

The soul, that awful throne of thought, that sacred  
 seat of contemplation.

The soul, that noble source of wisdom,

The fountain of comfort, that spring of joy,

That happy token of eternal life; The soul, that...

*Æsop.* Pray, Lady, are you married?

*Hort.* Why that question, Sir?

*Æsop.* Only that I might wait upon your Husband,  
 to wish him joy.

*Hort.* When people of my composition wou'd marry  
 they first find something of their own species to join  
 with: I never could resolve to take a thing of common  
 brick to my bed, lest when his brutish inclination  
 prompt him, he shou'd make me mother to a form  
 like his own.

*Æsop.* Methinks a Lady so extreamly nice, should be  
 much at a loss who to converse with.

*Hort.* I keep my chamber, and converse with my  
 self; 'tis better being alone, than to mis-ally one's  
 conversation.

B

Men



Men are scandalous, and women are insipid.  
 Discourse without figure makes me sick at my food.  
 O the charms of a metaphor!  
 What harmony there is in words of erudition!  
 The musick of 'em is in imagination.

*Æsop.* Will you hear a Fable, Lady?

*Hort.* Willingly, Sir, the Apologue pleases me  
 when the application of it is just.

*Æsop.* It is, I'll answer for't.

Once on a time, a Nightingale  
 To changes prone;  
 Unconstant, fickle, whimsical,  
 ( A female one, )  
 Who sung like others of her kind;  
 Hearing a well taught Linnets aires,  
 Had other matters in her mind,  
 To imitate him she prepares.  
 Her fancy strait was on the wing:  
 I fly, quoth she,  
 As well as he;  
 I don't know why,  
 I shou'd not try  
 As well as he to sing.  
 From that day forth she chang'd her note,  
 She spoil'd her voice, she strain'd her throat;  
 She did, as learned women do,  
 Till every thing  
 That heard her sing  
 Wou'd run away from her ... as I from you.  
 [Exit *Æsop* running]

*Hortentia sola.*

How grossly do's this poor' world suffer it self  
 be impos'd upon ... *Æsop* a man of sense...  
 ha, ha, ha, ha. Alas poor wretch: I shou'd



known him but by his deformity; his soul's as  
 conscious to my understanding, as his odious body to  
 sense of feeling. Well,

*'Amongst all the wits that are allow'd to shine;  
 Mistakes there's nothing yet approaches mine:  
 Were I was sent the homely age t'adorn;  
 What star, I know not, rul'd when I was born;  
 As every thing, besides my self's my scorn.*

[Exit.]

## A C T I I.

*Enter Euphronia and Doris*

DORIS.

What in the name of Jove's the matter with you?  
 Speak for Heavens sake.

Oh, What shall I do, *Doris*, I'm undone.

What, ravish't?

No, ten times worse! Ten times worse!  
 me, or I shall swoond.

Unlace you? Why you are not thereabouts

No, no; worse still; worse than all that.

Nay then it's bad indeed. [*Dor. unlaces her.*

how d'ye do now?

So; it's going over.

Courage, pluck up your spirits; well; now  
 the matter?

The matter? Thou sha't hear. Know that..

*Æsop...*

B 2

*Dor*

Dor. Like enough ; speak , what has he done ?  
That ugly ill-boding Cyclops.

Euph. Why instead of keeping his promise , and speaking for *Oronces* ; he has not said one word , but what has been for himself. And by my Father's order , before to-morrow noon he's to marry me.

Dor. He marry you ? ...

Euph. Am I in the wrong to be in this despair ?  
Tell me , *Doris* , if I am to blame ?

Dor. To blame ? No by my troth. That ugly old , treacherous piece of vermin : That melancholy mixture of impotence and desire : Do's his mouth stand to a young patridge ? Ah the old goat. And your father ? he downright doats at last then ?

Euph. Ah , *Doris* ; what a Husband do's he give me ! And what a Lover do's he rob me of ? That know'st 'em both ; think of *Oronces* , and think of *Æsop*.

Dor. *Spitting.* ] A foul monster. And yet now I think on't , I'm almost as angry at t'other rogue methinks he makes but a slow voyage on't for a man in love : 'Tis now above two months since he went to *Lesbos* , to pack up the old bones of his dead father : sure he might have made a little more haste.

*Enter Oronces.*

Euph. Oh ! my heart , What do I see ?

Dor. Talk of the Devil , and he's at your elbow.

Or. My dear soul.

[ *Euph. runs and leaps about his neck.*

Euph. Why wou'd you stay so long  
From me ?

Or. 'Twas not my fault indeed ; the winds...

Dor. The winds ? ... Will the winds blow your Mistress again ? We have had winds too ,

waves into the bargain, storms and tempests, sea-monsters, and the Devil and all. She struggled as long as she cou'd; But a woman can do no more than she can do; when her breath was gone, down she sunk.

Cr. What's the meaning of all this?

Dor. Meaning? There's meaning and mumping too:

your Mistress is married; that's all.

Cr. Death and furies...

Euph. *clinging about him.* ] Don't you frighten him too much neither, *Doris*. No, my dear, I'm not yet secured, though I am condemn'd.

Cr. Condemn'd? to what? Speak quick!

Dor. To be married.

Cr. Married? When? How? Where? To what?

To whom?

Dor. *Æsop, Æsop, Æsop, Æsop, Æsop.*

Cr. Fienus and spectres: what? That piece of deform-

That monster? That crump?

Dor. The same, Sir, the same. I find he knows him;

You might have come home sooner.

Cr. My dear *Euphronia* ease me from my pain.

Learn that you neither have, nor will consent.

I know this comes from your ambitious father:

But you're too generous, too true to leave me:

Millions of kingdoms ne'er wou'd shake my faith,

And I believe your constancy as firm.

Euph. You do me justice, you shall find you do,

For racks and tortures, crowns, and scepters join'd,

Shall neither fright me from my truth, nor tempt

me to be false. On this you may depend.

Dor. Wou'd to the Lord you wou'd find some other

to make your fine speeches in. Don't you

know that your dear friend *Æsop's* coming to receive

visits here?

Will this great downy chair, your pretty little Hus-

band clef is to fit and hear all the complaints in the Town: one of Wifdoms chief recompences, being [to be constantly troubled with the business of Fools.

Pray, Madam, will you take the Gentleman by the hand, [and lead him into your chamber; and when you are there, don't lye whining, and crying, and sighing, and wishing...

*Aside.* ] If he had not been more modest than wise, he might have set such a mark upon the goods before now, that ne'er a merchant of 'em all would have bought 'em out of his hands. But young fellows are always in the wrong; either so impudent they are nauseous, or so modest they are useless. Go, pray get you gone together.

*Euph.* But if my Father catch us we are ruin'd.

*Dor.* By my conscience this Love will make us turn Fools. Before your father can open the door, can't he slip down the backstairs? I'm sure he may, if you don't hold him; but that's the old trade.

Ah... Well, get you gone however... Hark... hear the old baboon cough; away!

[*Ex. Or. and Euph. running.*

Here he comes with his ugly beak before him.

Ah... a luscious bed-fellow, by my troth.

*Enter Learchus and Æsop.*

*Lear.* Well, *Doris*; what news from my daughter? Is she prudent?

*Dor.* Yes, very prudent.

*Lear.* What says she? What do's she do?

*Dor.* Do? What should she do? Tears her corners Bites her thumbs; throws her fan in the fire thinks it's dark night at noon day; dreams of monsters and hobgoblins; raves in her sleep of forc'd marriage and cuckoldom; cries,

deformity; then wakens of a sudden, with fifty arguments at her fingers ends, to prove the lawfulness of rebellion in a child, when a parent turns Tyrant.

Lear. Very fine; but all this shan't serve her turn: I have said the word, and will be obey'd...

My Lord do's her honour

Dor. *Aside.* ] Yes, and that's all he can do to her.

To Lear. ] But I can't blame the Gentleman after all; he loves my Mistress, because she's handsom; and she hates him, because he's ugly; I never saw two people more in the right in my life.

To Æsop. ] You'll pardon me, Sir, I'm somewhat free.

Æsop. Why ceremony wou'd but take up time. But, Governour, methinks I have an admirable Advocate about your daughter.

Lear. Out of the room, impudence: be gone, Sir.

Dor. So I will: But you'll be as much in the wrong when I'm gone, as, when I'm here. And your conscience, I hope, will talk as pertly to you as I can.

Æsop. If she treats me thus before my face, I may conclude I'm finely handled behind my back.

Dor. I say the truth here; and I can say no worse anywhere. [Exit Doris.

Lear. I hope your Lordship won't be concern'd at what this prating wench bleats out: my daughter will be govern'd, she's bred up to obedience. There may be some small difficulty in weaning her from her young Lover: But 'twon't be the first time she has been wean'd from a breast, my Lord.

Æsop. Do's she love him fondly, Sir?

Lear. Foolishy, my Lord.

Æsop. And he her?

Lear. The same.



Æsop. Is he young?

Lear. Yes and vigorous,

Æsop. Rich?

Lear. So, so.

Æsop. Well born?

Lear. He has good blood in his veins.

Æsop. Has he wit?

Lear. He had, before he was in love.

Æsop. And handsome with all this?

Lear. Or else we shou'd not have half so much trouble with him.

Æsop. Why do you then make her quit him for me? all the world knows I am neither young, noble, nor rich: And as for my beauty... Look you, Governour; I'm honest. But when children cry, they tell 'em Æsop's a coming. Pray, Sir, what is it makes you so earnest to force your daughter?

Lear. Am I then to count for nothing the favour you are in at Court? Father-in-law to the great Æsop? What may I not aspire to? My foolish daughter perhaps mayn't be so well pleas'd with't, but we wise parents usually weigh our childrens happiness in the scale of our own inclinations.

Æsop. Well, Governour, let it be your care then to make her content.

Lear. This moment, my Lord, I reduce her either to obedience, or to dust and ashes. [Exit Lear]

Æsop. Adieu. Now let in the people  
Who come for audience

[Æsop sits in his chair, reading of papers]

*Enter two ordinary Tradesmen.*

1 Tra. There he is, neighbour: Do but look at him.

2 Tra. Ay; One may know him: He's well married. But do'st hear me? What Title must we give him



for if we fail in that point, d'ye see me, we shall never get our business done. Courtiers love titles almost as well as they do money, and that's a bold word now.

1 Tra. Why I think we had best call him, his Grandeur.

2 Tra. That will do, thou hast hit on't. Hold still, let me speak. May it please your Grandeur...

Æsp. There I interrupt you, Friend; I have a weak body that will ne'er be able to bear that title.

1 Tra. D'ye hear that neighbour? What shall we call him now?

1 Tra. Why, call him, call him, his Excellency: try what that will do.

1 Tra. May it please your Excellency...

Æsp. Excellency's a long word, it takes up too much time in business: Tell me what you'd have in few words.

1 Tra. Neighbour, this Man will never give ten thousand pounds to be made a Lord,

but what shall I say to him now? He puts me quite out of my play.

1 Tra. Why e'en talk to him as we do to one another.

1 Tra. Shall I? Why so I will then. Hem; Neighbour,

we want a new Governour, neighbour

Æsp. A new Governour, friend?

1 Tra. Ay, friend.

Æsp. Why what's the matter with your old one?

1 Tra. What's the matter?

Why he grows rich; that's the matter:

but he that's rich can't be innocent; that's all.

Æsp. Do's he use any of you harshly?

1 Tra. He punishes you without a fault?

1 Tra. No, but he grows as rich as a miser;

His purse is so cramb'd it's ready to burst again.

*Æsop.* When 'tis full 'twill hold no more;

A new Governour will have an empty one.

2 *Tra.* Fore-gad, neighbour, the little Gentleman's in the right on't.

1 *Tra.* Why truly I don't know but he may: For now it comes in my head, it cost me more money to fat my hog, than to keep him fat when he was so.

*Æsop.* Irithee tell him we'll keep our old Governour.

2 *Tra.* I'll do't. Why, look you, Sir, d'ye see me? Having seriously consider'd of the matter, my neighbour *Hobson* and I here, we are content to jog on a little longer with him we have: But if you'd do us another courtesie, you might.

*Æsop.* What's that, friend?

2 *Tra.* Why that's this: our King *Cræsus* is a very good Prince as a man may say: But --a--but-- Taxes are high, an't please you; And---a---poor men want money, d'ye see me: It's very hard as we think, that the poor shou'd work to maintain the rich. If there were no taxes, we shou'd do pretty well.

1 *Tra.* Taxes indeed are very burthensome.

*Æsop.* I'll tell you a story, Country-men.

*Once on a time, the hands and feet,  
As mutineers, grew mighty great,  
They met, caball'd, and talk't of Treason;  
They swore by Jove they knew no reason  
The belly shou'd have all the meat;  
It was a damn'd notorious cheat,  
They did the work and -- Death and Hell, they'd eat.*

*The Belly, who ador'd good cheer,  
Had like t' have dy'd away for fear:*

What be, good folks, you little know  
 What 'tis you are about to do,  
 If I am starv'd, what will become of you?

We neither know nor care, cry'd they,  
 But this we will be bold to say,  
 We'll see you damn'd,  
 Before we'll work,  
 And you receive the pay.

With that the hands to pocket went  
 Full wrest-band deep,  
 The legs and feet fell fast asleep:  
 Their liberty they had redeem'd,  
 And all except the belly seem'd  
 Exceedingly well content.

But mark what follow'd; 'twas not long  
 Before the right became the wrong;  
 The mutineers were grown so weak,  
 They found 'twas more than time to squeak.  
 They call for work, but 'twas too late.  
 The Stomach, like an aged Maid,  
 Shrank up, for want of human aid,  
 The common debt of nature paid,  
 And with its destiny entrain'd their fate.

Æsop. What think you of this story, friends ha?  
 Come, you look like wise men; I'm sure you under-  
 stand what's for your good. In giving part of what  
 you have, you secure all the rest: if the King had no  
 money, there cou'd be no Army; and if there were  
 no Army, your Enemies wou'd be amongst you: One  
 year's pillage wou'd be worse than twenty years Taxes!  
 What say you! Is't not so?

2 *Tra.* By my troth I think he's in the right on't again.

Who'd think that little hump-back of his shoud' have so much brains in't neighbour?

*Æsop.* Well, honest men, is there any thing else that I can serve you in?

1 *Tra.* D'ye hear that, *Humphrey*? ... Why the was civil now.

But Courtiers seldom want good breeding; let's give the Devil his due.

Why to tell you the truth, honest Gentleman, we had a whole budget full of grievances to complain of. But I think ... a ... ha neighbour? We had e'en as good let 'em alone.

1 *Tra.* Why good feath I think so too, for by all I can see, we are like to make no great hond on't. Besides, between thee and me, I begin to daube, whether aur grievances do us such a plaguy deal of mischief as we fancy.

2 *Tra.* Or put case they did, *Humphrey*; I'm afraid, he that go's to a Courtier, in hope to get fairly rid of 'em, may be said (in aur country dialect) to take the wrong saw by the ear. But here's neighbour *Roger*, he's a wit, let's leave him to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Roger, a country Bumkin, looks seriously upon Æsop; then bursts out a laughing.*

*Ro.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha: Did ever mon behold the like... Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Æsop.* Haft thou any business with me, friend?

*Ro.* Yes, by my troth, have I;

But if *Roger* were to be hang'd up for't, look you now, he could not hold laughing:

What I have in my mind, out it comes: but bar that

He on honest lad as well as another.

Æsp. My time's dearer to me than yours, Friend;  
Have you any thing to say to me?

Ro. Gadswookars, do people use to ask for folks  
When they have nothing to say to 'em?

I'll tell you my business.

Æsp. Let's hear it.

Ro. I have, as you see, a little wit.

Æsp. True.

Ro. I live in a village hard by, and I've the best  
man in it, tho I say it, that shou'd not say it. I  
have good drink in my cellar, and good corn in my  
barn; I have cows and oxen, hogs and sheep,  
geese and hens, and geese and turkeys; but the  
truth will out, and so out let it. I've e'en tyr'd of  
being call'd plain Roger. I has a leathern purse,  
and in that purse there's many a fair half crown, with  
the Kings sweet face upon it, God bless him; and  
with this money I have a mind to bind my self  
in service to a Courtier: It's a good trade, as I have  
heard say: there's money stirring: Let a lad be but  
obedient and do what he's bid, he shall be let into the  
secret, and share part of the profits. I have not liv'd  
in these years for nothing: Those that will swim,  
must go into deep water: I've got our wife Joan to be  
the Queens chamber-maid; and then... Crack says me  
and forget all my acquaintance.

But to come to the business. You who are the  
Kings great favourite, I desire you'll be pleas'd to  
sell me some of your friendship, that I may get a  
Court place. Come, you shall chuse me one your  
self; you look like a shrewd man; by the mass you

Æsp. I chuse thee a place?

Ro. Yes: I would willingly have it such a sort of  
a place, as wou'd cost little, and bring in a great  
deal, in a word, much profit, and nothing to do.

Æsp.



*Æsop.* But you must name what post you think would suit your humour.

*Ro.* Why I'll be pratty indifferent as to that: Secretary of State, or Butler; twenty shillings more, twenty shillings less, is not the thing I stand upon. I'll be no hagler, Gadswookars; and he that says I am... 'Zbud he lies: There's my humour now.

*Æsop.* But hark you, Friend, you say you are well as you are; Why then do you desire to change?

*Ro.* Why what a question now is there for a man of your parts? I'm well, d'ye see me; and what of all that? I desire to be better: There's an answer for you. [*Aside.*] Let Roger alone with him.

*Æsop.* Very well: This is reasoning; and I love a man should reason with me: But let us enquire a little whether your reasons are good or not. You say at home you want for nothing?

*Ro.* Nothing fore George.

*Æsop.* You have good drink?

*Ro.* 'Zbud the best i'th' Parish. [*Singing.*] And dawne it merrily goes, my lad, and dawne it merrily goes.

*Æsop.* You eat heartily?

*Ro.* I have a noble stomach.

*Æsop.* You sleep well?

*Ro.* Just as I drink, 'till I can sleep no longer.

*Æsop.* You have some honest neighbours?

*Ro.* Honest? 'Zbud we are all so, the Town-raund; we live like brether; when one can farve another, he does it with all his heart and guts; when we have any thing that's good, we eat it together; Holidays and Sundays we play at nine pins, tumble upon the grats with wholefom young maids, laugh 'till we split, daunce 'till we are weary, eat 'till we burst, drink 'till we are sleepy, then swap into bed, and snore 'till we rise to break

And all this thou wou'dst leave to go to

I'll tell thee what once happen'd.

A Mouse, who long had liv'd at Court,

(Yet ne'er the better *Christian* for't)

Walking one day to see some country sport,

He met a home-bred Village Mouse,

Who with an awkward speech and bow,

That favour'd much of cart and plow,

Made a shift, I know not how,

To write him to his house.

Quoth he, my Lord, I doubt you'll find

Our country fare of homely kind,

But by my troth, y'are welcome to't,

I have that, and bread, and cheese to boot;

Let so they sat and din'd.

Very well.

The *Courtier* cou'd have eat at least

As much as any household Priest,

He thought himself oblig'd in feeding,

To show the difference of Town-breeding;

He pick'd and cuil'd, and turn'd the meat,

He champt and chew'd, and cou'd not eat:

No toothless woman at fourscore,

Was ever seen to mumble more.

He made a thousand ugly faces,

Which (as sometimes in Ladies cases)

Were all design'd for airs and graces,

Ha, ha.

At last he from the table rose,

He pickt his teeth, and blow'd his nose,

And with an easie negligence,

As tho' he lately came from *France*,

He made a careless sliding bow:

Fore-Gad, quoth he, I don't know how

I shall return your friendly treat;

But if you'll take a bit of meat

In Town with me,

You

You there shall see

How we poor Courtiers eat.

*Ro.* Tit for tat, that was friendly.

*Æsop.* There needed no more invitation

To e'er a Country Squire i'th' nation.

Exactly to the time he came,

Punctual, as woman, when she meets

A man between a pair of sheets,

As good a stomach, and as little shame.

*Ro.* Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.

*Æsop.* To say the truth, he found good chear,

With wine, instead of ale and beer:

But just as they sat down to eat,

Comes bouncing in a hungry cat.

*Ro.* O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!

*Æsop.* The nimble Courtier skipt from table,

The Squire leapt too, as he was able:

It can't be said that they were beat,

It was no more than a retreat;

Which, when an army, not to fight

By day light, runs away by night,

Was ever judg'd a great and glorious feat.

*Ro.* Ever, ever, ever.

*Æsop.* The Cat retir'd, our Guests return,

The danger past becomes their scorn,

They fall to eating as before.

The butler rumbles at the door.

*Ro.* Good Lord!

*Æsop.* To boot and saddle again they found.

*Ro.* Ta ra, tan tan ta ra ra tan ta ra.

*Æsop.* They frown, as they wou'd stand their ground

But (like some of our friends) they found

'Twas safer much to scowre.

*Ro.* Tantive, tantive, tantive, &c.

*Æsop.* At length the Squire, who hated arms,

Was so perplex with these alarms,

He rose up in a kind of heat :  
 Udzwooks, quoth he, with all your meat,  
 I will maintain a dish of pease,  
 A raddish, and a slice of cheese,  
 With a good desert of case,  
 Is much a better treat.

However,

Since every Man shou'd have his due,

I own, Sir, I'm oblig'd to you

For your intentions at your board.

But pox upon your courtly crew --

*Al. Amen*, I pray the Lord. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Now the deil cuckold me if this story be not worth

a sermon. Give me your hand, Sir,

Had na' been for your friendly advice, I was  
 going to be fool enough, to be Secretary of State.

*Esp.* Well, go thy ways home, and be wiser for  
 the future.

And so I will: for that same mause, your  
 was a witty person, gadsbudlikins; and so  
 Wife Joan shall know: For between you and I,  
 she has put me upon going to Court. Sir, she  
 been so praud, so saucy, so rampant, ever since  
 brought her home a lac'd pinner, and a pink-  
 pair of shoe-strings, from *Tikledawne* fair;  
 a parson o'th Parish can't rule her; and that you'll  
 much. But so much for that. Naw I thank  
 for your good counsel, honest little Gentleman;  
 shew you that I'se not ungrateful -- Give me  
 your hand once more -- If you'll take the pains but to  
*Tikledawne* to our Towne, -- a word in your ear, --  
 and you so drunk whome again, you shall re-  
 member friendly Roger as long as you have breath in  
 your body.

[Exit Roger.]

*Æsop solus.*

Farewel, what I both envy and despise:  
Thy happiness and ignorance provoke me.  
How noble were the thing call'd knowledge;  
Did it but lead us to a bliss like thine!  
But there's a secret curse in wisdoms train,  
Which on its pleasures stamps perpetual pain,  
And makes the wise Man lose by what he gains.



### A C T III.

*Enter Æsop.*

Æ S O P.

**W**Ho waits there?

*Enter Servant.*

If there be any body that has business with me,  
let 'em in.

*Serv.* Yes, Sir,

*Exit Servant.*

*Enter Quaint, who stands at a distance, making  
great many fawning bows.*

*Æsop.* Well, Friend, who are you?

*Quaint.* My name's *Quaint*, Sir, the profoundest  
of all your Honours humble Servants

*Æsop.* And what may your business be with me,  
Sir?



Quaint. My business, Sir, with every man, is first  
to do him service.

Esop. And your next is, I suppose, to be paid for't  
twice as much as 'tis worth?

Quaint. Your Honours most obedient, humble  
servant.

Esop. Well, Sir, but upon what account am I going  
to be obliged to you?

Quaint. Sir, I'm a Genealogist.

Esop. A Genealogist.

Quaint. At your service, Sir.

Esop. So, Sir.

Quaint. Sir, I am inform'd from common fame,  
as well as from some little, private, familiar intelli-  
gence, that your Wisdom is entering into Treaty  
with the *primum mobile* of good and evil, a fine  
Lady. I have travell'd, Sir; I have read, Sir;  
I have consider'd, Sir; and I find, Sir, that the  
care of a fine Lady is to be -- a fine Lady, Sir;  
a fine Lady's a fine Lady, Sir, all the world over;  
she loves a fine house, fine furniture, fine cloaths,  
fine liveries, fine petticoats, fine smocks; and if  
she stops there -- she's a fine Lady indeed, Sir. But to  
come to my point.

It being the *Lydian* custom, that the fair Bride  
should be presented on her wedding-day with some-  
thing that may signify the merit and the worth of  
her dread Lord and Master, I thought the noble  
pedigree might be the welcom'st gift that he  
could offer. It his honour be of the same opinion,  
I'll speak a bold word, there's ne'er a Herald in all  
the world shall put better blood in his veins, than, --  
your humble Servant, *Jacob Quaint*.

Esop. Dost thou then know my Father, Friend?  
I protest to thee I am a stranger to him.

Quaint. Your Father, Sir, ha, ha; I know  
every mans Father, Sir, and every mans Grand  
Father.

Father, and every mans Great Grand-Father.  
 Why, Sir, I'm a Herald by nature, my Mother was  
 a Welch-Woman.

Æsop. A Welch-Woman? Prithce of what Country  
 that?

Quaint. That, Sir, is a country in the worlds back-  
 side, where every man is born a Gentleman, and a  
 Genealogist. Sir, I cou'd tell my Mother's pedigree be-  
 fore I cou'd speak plain; which, to shew you the  
 depth of my art, and the strength of my memory, I'll  
 trundle you down in an instant.

Noah had three Sons, Sem, Ham, and Japhet  
 Shem--

Æsop. Hold, I conjure thee in the name of all thy  
 ancestors

Quaint. Sir, I cou'd take it higher, but I begin  
 at Noah for brevitys sake.

Æsop. No more on't, I intreat thee.

Quaint. Your Honours impatient, perhaps, to hear  
 your own descent. A word to the wife is enough.

Hem, hem. Solomon, the wise King of Judea--

Æsop. Hold once more.

Quaint. Ha, ha, ha; your Honours modest, but  
 Solomon, the wise King of Judea--

Æsop. Was my ancestor, was he not?

Quaint. He was, my Lord: which no one  
 can doubt, who observes how much of Prince the  
 hangs about you.

Æsop. What! Is't in my mien?

Quaint. You have something -- wondrous noble  
 your air.

Æsop. Personnable too? View me well.

Quaint. N -- not tall; but majestick.

Æsop. My shape?

Quaint. A world of symmetry in it.

Æsop. The lump upon my back?

Quaint. N -- not regular, but agreeable.

*Esop.* Now by my honesty thou art a villain;  
*Herald.* But flattery's a thrust I never fail to parry. 'Tis  
 pass thou shou'dst reserve for young fencers; with  
 like those they're to be hit: I do not doubt  
 thou hast found it so; hast not?

*Esop.* I must confess, Sir, I have sometimes  
 been bleed by't. But I hope your Honour will  
 excuse me, since, to speak the truth, I  
 get my bread by't, and maintain my wife and chil-  
 dren: And industry, you know, Sir, is a commend-  
 able thing. Besides, Sir, I have debated the busi-  
 ness a little with my conscience; for I'm like the rest  
 of my neighbours, I'd willingly get money, and  
 spend it too, if the thing may be done upon any rea-  
 sonable terms. And so, Sir, I say, to quiet my  
 conscience, I have found out at last, that flattery is

*Esop.* A duty?

*Herald.* Ay, Sir, a duty: For the duty of all men  
 is to make one another pass their time as pleasantly  
 as they can. Now, Sir, here's a young Lord, who  
 has a great deal of land, a great deal of title, a great  
 deal of meat, a great deal of noise, a great many Ser-  
 vants, and a great many diseases. I find him very  
 restless, tyr'd with ease, cloy'd with plenty,  
 burden'd to himself, and a plague to his family. I  
 find him to flatter: He springs off of the couch; turns  
 himself round in the glass; finds all I say true; curs-  
 es a yard high, his blood trickles round his veins;  
 his heart's as light as his heels; and before I leave  
 his purse is as empty as his head. So we both  
 content, for we part much happier than we

*Esop.* Admirable rogue; what dost thou think  
 murder and of rape, are not they duties too?  
 not for such vile fawning things as thou art,  
 Nobles wou'd not long be what they are:

They'd grow aſham'd of luxury and eaſe, and rouse up the old ſpirit of their fathers; leave the purſuit of a poor frightened hare, and make their foes to tremble in her ſtead; furniſh their heads with ſciences and arts, and fill their hearts with honour, truth and friendſhip; be generous to ſome, and juſt to all; drive home their creditors with bags of gold inſtead of chaſing 'em with ſwords and ſtaves; be faithful to their King and Country both, and ſtab the offerer of a bribe from either; bluſh even at a wandring thought of vice, and boldly own they durſt be friends to virtue; trembling at nothing but the frown of Heaven, and be no more aſham'd of him that made 'em.

Q. [*Aside.*] If I ſtand to hear this crump preach a little longer, I ſhall be fool enough perhaps to be bubbled out of my livelihood, and to loſe a bird in the hand for two in the buſh.

Sir, ſince I have not been able to bring you to a good opinion of your ſelf, 'tis very probable I ſhall ſcarce prevail with you to have one of me. But if you pleaſe to do me the favour to forget me, I ſhall ever acknowledge my ſelf, -- Sir, your moſt obedient, faithful, humble Servant.

Æſop. Hold; if I let thee go, and give thee nothing thou'lt be apt to grumble at me; and therefore -- Who waits there?

*Enter Servant.*

Q. [*Aside.*] I don't like his looks: by Gad.

Æſop. I'll preſent thee with a token of my love.

Q. A -- another time, Sir, will do as well.

Æſop. No; I love to be out of debt, though being out of the faſhion. So d'ye hear? Give this honeſt Gentleman half a ſcore good ſtrokes on the back with a cudgel.

Quint. By no means in the world, Sir.

Elsp. Indeed, Sir, you shall take 'em.

Quint. Sir, I don't merit half your bounty.

Elsp. O'tis but a trifle.

Quint. Your generosity makes me blush.

[looking about to make his escape]

Elsp. That's your modesty, Sir.

Quint. Sir, you are pleased to compliment. But twenty pedigrees for a clear coast.

[Running off, the Servants after him.]

Elsp. Wait upon him down stairs, fellow;

don't my self, were I but nimble enough; but he has haste to avoid ceremony.

Enter Servant

Serv. Sir, Here's a Lady in great haste, desires to see with you.

Elsp. Let her come in.

Enter Aminta, weeping.

Am. O Sir, if you don't help me, I'm undone.

Elsp. Why, what's the matter, Lady?

Am. My daughter. Sir, my daughter's run away with a filthy fellow.

Elsp. A slippery trick indeed.

Am. For Heavens sake, Sir, send immediately to 'em, and seize 'em: But 'tis in vain, 'twill be too late; I'll warrant at this very moment they are got together in a room with a couch

all's gone, all's gone; tho' 'twere made of gold,

Oh! My honour, my honour. A forward girl was always; I saw it in her eyes the very day of

That indeed was early: but how do you know gone with a fellow?



*Am.* I have e'en her own insolent hand-writing for't; Sir, take but the pains to read what a Letter she has left me.

*Æsop.* Reads.

*I Love, and am belov'd, and that's the reason I run away.*

Short, but significant.

--I'm sure there's no body knows better than your Ladiship what allowances are to be made to flesh and blood; I therefore hope this from your justice, that what you have done three times your self, you'll pardon once in your daughter.

*The Dickens.*

*Am.* Now, Sir, what do you think of the business.

*Æsop.* Why truly, Lady, I think it one of the most natural business's I have met with a great while. I'll tell you a story.

*A Crab-fish once her daughter told,  
(In terms that savour'd much of scold)  
She cou'd not bear to see her go,  
Sidle, sidle, to and fro;  
The Devil's in the wench, quoth she;  
When so much money has been paid,  
To polish you like me;  
It makes me almost mad to see  
I are still so awkward, and ungainly Jade.*

*Her daughter smil'd and look'd askew,  
The answer'd (to give her her due)  
Pertly, as most folks daughters do:  
Madam, your Ladiship, quoth she, |  
Is pleas'd to blame in me  
What on enquiry, you may find  
Admits a passable excuse,  
From a proverb much in use,  
That cat will after kind.*

Am. Sir, I took you to be a man better bred, than  
to liken a Lady to a Crab-fish.

Esp. What I want in good breeding, Lady, I have  
truth and honesty: As what you have wanted in vir-  
tue, you have had in a good face.

Am. Have had, Sir: What I have had, I have still;  
and shall have a great while, I hope. I'm no Grand-  
mother, Sir.

Esp. But in a fair way for't, Madam.

Am. Thanks to my daughters forwardness then;  
my years. I'd have you to know, Sir, I have  
not a wrinkle in my face. A young pert slut!  
Would think she shou'd know so much at her age?

Esp. Good Masters make quick Scholars, Lady;  
she has learn'd her exercise from you.

Am. But where's the remedy, Sir?

Esp. In trying if a good example will reclaim her;  
and one has debauch'd her. Live private, and avoid  
follies.

Am. Never speak it; I can no more retire, than  
I can go to Church twice of a Sunday.

Esp. What? your youthful blood boils in your veins;  
I warrant.

Am. I have warmth enough to endure the air, old  
gentleman. I need not shut my self up in a house  
these twenty years.

Esp. *Aside.* ] She takes a long lease of lewdness;  
and will be an admirable tenant to lust.

Am. *walking hastily to and fro.* ] People think  
when a Woman is turn'd forty, she's old enough to  
be out of the World: But I say, when a woman is  
turn'd forty, she's old enough to have more wit.  
The most can be said is, her face is the worse for  
age: I'll answer for all the rest of her fabrick.  
The men wou'd be to be pity'd, by my troth wou'd  
they, if we shou'd quit the stage, and leave 'em  
to manage but a parcel of young pert sluts, that neither

know how to speak sense, nor keep themselves clean. [Æsop stares upon her, and as he turns from him, runs off the stage.] But don't let 'em fear, we a'n't going yet. How now? what? left alone. An unmannerly piece of deformity. Methinks he might have had sense enough to have made love to me. But I have found men strangely dull for the last ten or twelve years: Sure they'll mend in time, or the world won't be worth living in.

*For let, Philosophers say all they can,  
The source of womans joys is plac'd in Man.* [Exit.]

*Enter Learchus and Euphronia, Doris following at a Distance.*

*Lear. to Euph.* ] I must tell you, Mistress, I'm too mild with you; Parents shou'd never intreat their children, nor will I hereafter. Therefore, in a word let Æsop be lov'd, let Oronces be hated; let one be a peacock, let t'other be a bat. I'm father, you are daughter; I command, and you shall obey.

*Eup.* I never yet did otherwise; nor shall I now, Sir; but pray let Reason guide you.

*Lear.* So it does: But 'tis my own, not yours, hussy.

*Dor.* Ah-- Well, I'll say no more; but were I in her place, by the Mass I'd have a tug for't.

*Lear.* Dæmon! born to distract me. Whence art thou in the name of fire and brimstone? have I not satisfy'd thee? Have I not paid thee what's thy due? And have not I turn'd thee out of doors, with orders never more to stride my threshold, Ha? Answer, abominable spirit; what is't that makes thee haunt me?

*Dor.* A foolish passion, to do you good in spite of

clean. your teeth: pox on me for my zeal, I say.

him, Lar. And pox on thee, and thy zeal too, I say.

going Lar. Now if it were not for her sake more than for  
nnerly Lar. I'd leave all to your own management, to be  
d senie Lar. I'd of you. But rather than I'll see that sweet  
found sacrificed -- I'll play the devil in your house.

years: Lar. Patience, I summon thee to my aid.

n't be Lar. Passion, I defie thee; to the last drop of my  
and I'll maintain my ground. What have you to  
me with? speak: I love your child better  
you do, and you can't bear that; ha? Is't not  
[Exit. Nay, it's well y'are asham'd on't; there's some  
of grace still.

ing as Lar. Look you, Sir, in few words, you'll make me  
and 'twere enough to make any body mad  
who has brains enough to be so ) to see so much  
the shipwreck'd at the very port. The world  
saw a virgin better qualify'd; so witty, so  
so modest, so chaste; in a word, I  
sought her up my self; and 'twou'd be the death of  
to see so vertuous a maid become a lewd wife;  
which is the usual effect of parents pride and cove-  
nances.

now, Lar. How, Strumpet! Wou'd any thing be able to  
touch my daughter?

your, Lar. Your daughter? Yes, your daughter, and  
your self into the bargain. A woman's but a woman:  
and I'll lay a hundred pound on Nature's side.  
Lar. Sir, few words dispatch business. Let who  
will be the wife of *Æsop*, she's a fool, or he's a  
fool. But you'll never have a true notion of this  
matter, 'till you suppose your self in your daughter's  
place. As thus:

And You are a pretty, soft, warm, wishing, young  
s there Lar. I'm a straight, proper, handsome, vigorous,  
young Fellow.

spight of Lar. You have a peevish, positive, covetous, old  
Father,

Father, and he forces you to marry a little lean, crooked, dry, sapless Husband. This Husband's gone abroad, you are left at home. I make you a visit, find you all alone; the Servant pulls to the door: the Devil comes in at the window. I begin to wheedle, you begin to melt; you like my person, and therefore believe all I say; so first I make you an Atheist, and then I make you a whore. Thus the world goes. Sir.

*Lear.* Pernicious pestilence: Has thy eternal tongue run down its larum yet?

*Dor.* Yes.

*Lear.* Then go out of my house, abomination.

*Dor.* I'll not stir a foot.

*Lear.* Who waits there? Bring me my great stick.

*Dor.* Bring you a stick; bring you a head-piece; that you'd call for, if you knew your own wants.

*Lear.* Death and Furies! the Devil, and so forth: I shall run distracted!

*Eup.* Pray, Sir, don't be so angry at her, I'm sure she means well, tho' she may have an odd way of expressing her self.

*Lear.* What, you like her meaning? who doubts it? Offspring of *Venus*. But I'll make you stay your stomach with meat of my chusing, you liquorish young baggage you. In a word, *Æsop's* the man; and to-morrow he shall be your Lord and Master.

But since he can't be satisfy'd unless he has your heart, as well as all the rest of your trumpery, let me see you receive him in such a manner that he may think himself your choice, as well as mine; 'twill make him esteem your judgment: For we usually guess at other peoples understandings, by their approving our actions, and liking our faces: See here the great man comes. *To Dor.* ] follow me, Insolence; and leave 'em to express their passion to each other. *[ To Euph.* Remember my last word to you is, obey.



*Dor. to Euph. Aside.* ] And remember my last address to you is rebel.

[*Exit Lear. Dor. following him.*

*Euph.* Alas , I'm good - natur'd ; the last thing that's said to me usually leaves the deepest impression.

*Lear Elop.* They stand some time without speaking.

*Elop.* -- They say that Lovers , for want of words , have eyes to speak with. I'm afraid you do not understand the language of mine , since yours , I find , will make no answer to 'em. But I ' must tell you Lady ,

There is a numerous train of youthful virgins ,  
That are endow'd with wealth and beauty too ,

Who yet have thought it worth their pains and care  
To point their darts at *Æsops* homely breast ;

Wish you so much condemn what they pursue ,

That a young senseless fop's preferr'd before me.

*Euph.* Did you but know that fop you dare to term so ,

He very looks wou'd fright you into nothing.

*Elop.* A very bawble.

*Euph.* How ?

*Elop.* A butterfly.

*Euph.* I can't bear it.

*Elop.* A paraquet , can prattle and look gawdy.

*Euph.* It may be so ; but let me paint him and you give your proper colours , I'll do it exactly , and you shall judge which I ought to chuse.

*Elop.* No , hold , I'm naturally not over-curious ; besides , 'tis pride makes people have their pictures drawn.

*Euph.* Upon my word , Sir , you may have yours drawn a hundred times before any body will believe 'tis me upon that account.

*Elop. Aside.* ] How severe she is upon me.

You are resolv'd then to persist , and be fond of your mirror ; sigh for a periwig , and die for a cravat-string.

*Euph*

*Euph.* Methinks, Sir, you might treat with more respect what I've thought fit to own I value; your affronts to him are doubly such to me; if you continue your provoking language, you must expect my tongue will fall too; and if you are as wise as some would make you, you can't but know I shou'd have them enough.

*Æsop.* But is it possible you can love so much as you pretend?

*Euph.* Why do you question it?

*Æsop.* Because no body loves so much as they pretend to: but hark you, young Lady. Marriage is to last a long, long time; and where one couple bless the sacred knot, a train of wretches curse the institution. You are in an age where hearts are young and tender, a pleasing object gets admittance soon. But since to marriage there's annex this dreadful word, *For ever*, the following example ought to move you.

*A Peacock once of splendid show,  
Gay, gawdy, foppish, vain--- a beau,  
Attack'd a fond young pheasants heart  
With such success,  
He pleas'd her, though he made her smart;  
He pierc'd her with so much address,  
She smil'd the moment that he fixt his dart.*

*A Cuckow in a neigh'oring tree,  
Rich, honest, ugly, old -- like me,  
Lov'd her as he lov'd his life:  
No pamper'd Priest e'er study'd more  
To make a vertuous Nun a Whore,  
Than he to get her for his wife.  
But all his offers still were vain,  
His limbs were weak, his face was plain,  
Beauty, youth, and vigour weigh'd  
With the warm desiring maid.*

No bird she cry'd wou'd serve her turn,  
 But what cou'd quench as well as burn,  
 She'd have a young gallant, so one she had.  
 But e're a month was come and gone,  
 The bride began to change her tone,  
 She found a young Gallant was an inconstant one.  
 She wander'd to a neighb'ring grove,  
 Where after musing long on love  
 She told her confident, she found  
 When for ones life one must be bound,  
 (Tho' youth indeed was a delicious bait)  
 An aged husband, rich, tho' plain,  
 Wou'd give a slavish wife less pain;  
 And what was more, was sooner slain;  
 Which was a thing of weight.

Well, young Lady, here, the Cuckow of the  
 is: I am deform'd, 'tis true, yet I have found the  
 way to make a figure amongst men, that well has  
 compens'd the wrongs of Nature; my rivals beauty  
 promises you much; perhaps my homely form might  
 tempt you more; at least consider on't, 'tis worth your  
 thought.

Engl. I must confess, my fortune wou'd be greater;  
 But what's a fortune to a heart like mine?  
 'Tis true, I'm but a young Philosopher,  
 Yet in that little space my glass has run,  
 I've spent some time in search of happiness;  
 The fond pursuit I soon observ'd of riches,  
 Inclind me to enquire into their worth:  
 I found their value was not in themselves,  
 But in their power to grant what we cou'd ask.  
 I then proceeded to my own desires,  
 To know what state of life wou'd suit with them:  
 I found 'em moderate in their demands;  
 They neither ask'd for title, state, or power,  
 They slighted the aspiring post of envy:

[Tis

'Tis true, they trembled at the name contempt;  
 A general esteem was all they wish'd;  
 And that I did not doubt might be obtain'd,  
 If furnish'd but with virtue and good nature,  
 My fortune prov'd sufficient to afford me  
 Conveniencies of life, and independence.  
 This, Sir, was the result of my enquiry;  
 And by this scheme of happiness I build,  
 When I prefer the man I love to you.

*Æsop.* How wise, how witty, and how cleanly  
 young women grow, as soon as ever they are in  
 love?

*Euph.* How foppish, how impertinent, and how  
 nauseous are old men, when they pretend to be so  
 too?

*Æsop.* How pert is youth?

*Euph.* How dull is age?

*Æsop.* Why so sharp, young Lady?

*Euph.* Why so blunt, old Gentleman?

*Æsop.* 'Tis enough; I'll to your Father, I know  
 how to deal with him, tho' I don't know how to deal  
 with you. Before to-morrow noon, damiel, will  
 shall be written on your brow. [Ex. *Æsop.*]

*Euph.* Then, before to-morrow night, State'sman  
 husband shall be stamp't upon your forehead.

[Ex. *Euph.*]

*End of the Third Act.*



## A C T I V.

*Enter Oronces and Doris.*

DORIS.

Patience, I beseech you.

Or. Patience! what, and see that lovely creature thrown into the arms of that pedantick monster; wretch, I'd rather see the world reduc'd to atoms, mankind turn'd into crawfish, and my self an old Woman.

Dor. So you think an old woman a very interesting thing, I find; but you are mistaken, Sir; she's a plague other folks, but she's as entertaining to herself, as any one part of the creation.

Or. *walking to and fro.* ] She's the Devil, ... and in one of the damn'd, I think. But I'll make some howl for't, I will so.

Dor. You'll e'en do as all the young fellows in the town do, spoil your own sport; Ah ... had young men's shoulders but old Courtiers heads upon 'em, what a delicious time wou'd they have on't. For I must be wise; for your mistress's sake at least use some caution.

Or. For her sake I'll respect, even like a Deity, my Father. He shall strike me, he shall tread upon me, and find me humbler, even than a crawling worm, for I'll not turn again; but for *Æsep*, that misanthrop'd lump, that chaos of humanity, I'll use ... nay, expect it, for I'll do't, ... the first moment that I see him, I'll ...

Dor. Not challenge him, I hope, ... 'Twou'd  
D be



be a pretty fight truly, to see *Æsop* drawn up in *bat-talia* : fie for shame, be wise 'once in your life ; think of gaining time, by putting off the marriage for a day or two, and not of waging war with a pigmy. Yonder's the old Gentleman walking by himself in the gallery ; go and wheedle him, you know his weak side ; he's good natur'd in the bottom. Stir up his old fatherly bowels a little, I'll warrant you'll move him at last ; go get you gone, and play your part discreetly.

*Or.* We'll I'll try ; but if words won't do with one, blows shall with t'other ; by heavens they shall.

[*Exit Or.*]

*Dor. Sola.* ] Nay, I reckon we shall have rare work on't by and by. Shield us kind Heaven ! what things are men in love ? Now they are stocks and stones ; then they are fire and quick-silver ; first whining and crying, then swearing and damning ; this moment they are in Love, and next moment they are out of Love ; ah... cou'd we but live without 'em ... but it's in vain to think on't.

*Enter Æsop at one side of the stage, Mrs. Forge-Will at t'other.*

*For.* Sir, I am your most devoted-Servant : What I say is no complement, I do assure you.

*Æsop.* Madam, as far as you are really mine, I believe I may venture to assure you, I am yours.

*For.* I suppose, Sir, you know that I'm a widow.

*Æsop.* Madam, I don't so much as know you are a Woman.

*For.* O surprising ! Why I thought the whole Town had known it. Sir, I have been a widow this twelve-month.

*Æsop.* If a body may guess at your heart by your petticoat, Lady, you don't design to be so a twelve-month more.

*For.*

For. O bleſs me ! Not a twelve-month ? Why,  
my Husband hath left me four ſqualing brats. Be-  
lieve, Sir, I'm undone.

Æſop. You ſeem as chearful an undone Lady as I  
have met with.

For. Alas, Sir, I have too great a ſpirit ever to  
let afflictions ſpoil my face, Sir, I'll tell you my  
condition, and that will lead me to my buſineſs  
with you. Sir, my Husband was a Scrivener.

Æſop. The Deuce he was; I thought he had been  
Count at leaſt.

For. Sir, 'Tis not the firſt time I have been taken  
for a Counteſs; my Mother us'd to ſay as I lay in my  
culla, I had the air of a woman of quality; and  
I have always liv'd like ſuch. My Husband,  
poor ſoul, had ſomething ſneaking in him (as moſt  
Husbands have you know, Sir) but from the mo-  
ment I ſet foot in his houſe, bleſs me, what a  
change was there! His pewter was turn'd into ſil-  
ver, his golloſhoes into a glaſs coach, and his little  
malling mare into a pair of *Flanders* horſes. Inſtead  
of a greaſie Cook-maid to wait at Table, I had four  
foot-men in clean linnen; all things became  
new and fashionable, and nothing look'd awkward  
in my family. My furniture was the wonder of my  
neighbourhood, and my cloaths the admiration of the  
whole Town. I had a necklace that was envy'd  
by the Queen, and a pair of pendants that ſet a  
Church a crying. In a word, I ſaw nothing I lik'd  
that I bought it; and my Husband, good man, durſt  
not reſuſe paying for't. Thus I liv'd, and I flouriſh'd,  
till he ſicken'd and dy'd; but ere he was cold in  
his grave his creditors plunder'd my houſe. But  
what pity it was to ſee fellows with dirty ſhoes  
come into my beſt rooms, and touch my hangings  
with their filthy fingers? You won't blame me,  
Sir, if with all my courage I weep at this ſentible part  
of my miſfortune.

*Æsop.* A very sad story truly.

*For.* But now, Sir, to my business. Having been Inform'd this morning, that the King has appointed a great sum of money for the marriage of young women who have liv'd well, and are fallen to decay, I am come to acquaint you I have two strapping daughters just fit for the matter, and desire you'll help 'em to Portions out of the King's bounty; that they mayn't whine and pine, and be eaten up with the green-sickness, as half the young women in the Town are, or wou'd be, if there were not more helps for a disease than one. This, Sir, is my business.

*Æsop.* And this, Madam, is my answer.

A crawling Toad, all speckled o'er,  
Vain, gaudy, painted, patch'd, ... a whore;  
Seeing a well-fed ox hard by,  
Regards him with an envious eye,  
And (as the Poets tell)  
Ye Gods I cannot bear't, quoth she,  
I'll burst, or be as big as he,  
And so began to swell.

Her friends and kindred round her came;  
They shew'd her she was much too blame,  
The thing was out of reach.  
She told 'em they were busie folke,  
And when her husband wou'd have spoke,  
She bid him kifs her br...  
With that they all e'en gave her o'er,  
And she persisted as before,  
'Till with a deal of strife  
She swell'd at last, so much her spleen,  
She burst like one that we have seen,  
Who was a Scriveners wife.

widow, I take to be your case, and that of  
 great many others; for this is an age where most  
 people get falls by clambering too high, too reach at  
 what they should not do. The Shoemakers wife  
 reduces her husband to a cobbler, by endeavouring  
 to be as spruce as the Taylors: The Taylors brings  
 hers to a botcher, by going as fine as the Mercers:  
 The Mercers lowers hers to a foreman, by perking  
 up to the Merchants The Merchants wears hers to  
 a broker, by strutting up to Quality. And Quality  
 brings theirs to nothing, by striving to out do one  
 another. If women were humbler, men wou'd be  
 better. Pride brings want, want makes rogues,  
 rogues come to be hang'd, and the Devil alone's  
 the gainer. Go your ways home woman; and as  
 your Husband maintain'd you by his pen, maintain  
 your self by your needle; put your great girls to  
 work. Employment will keep 'em honest; much  
 work, and plain diet, will cure the green-sickness as  
 well as a husband.

Why, you pitiful pigmy, preaching, canting,  
 thank; you little, sorry, crooked, dry, wither'd  
 wretch, do you know that...

I know that I am so deform'd you han't  
 enough to describe me; but I have this good  
 thing, that a foolish woman can never make me

Can't she so; I'll try that, I will.

*[She falls upon him, holds his hands and boxes  
 his ears.]*

Help, help, help.

*Enter Servants. She runs off, they after her.*

Nay, e'en let her go...let her go... don't  
 bring her back again... I'm for making a bridge of  
 gold for my enemy to retreat upon... I'm quite

out of breath... a terrible Woman, I protest.

*Enter a country Gentleman, drunk, in a hunting dress, with a Huntsman, Groom, Faulkner, and other Servants; one leading a couple of hounds, another greyhounds, a third a Spaniel, a fourth a Gun upon his shoulder, the Faulkner a hawk upon his fist, &c.*

*Gent.* Haux, haux, haux, haux, haux: joular, there boy, joular, joular, tinker, pedlar, miss, miss, miss, miss... Blood and oons... O there he is; that must be he, I have seen his picture. *Reeling up to Æsop*] ... Sir... if your name's Æsop... I'm your humble Servant.

*Æsop.* Sir, my name is Æsop, at your service.

*Gent.* Why then, Sir... Complements being paid on both sides, with your leave... we'll proceed to business.

Sir, I am by profession... a Gentleman of... three thousand pounds a year... Sir, I keep a good pack of hounds, and a good stable of horses.

*To his Groom.*] How many horses have I, Sirrah?... Sir this is my Groom. [*Presenting him to Æsop*]

*Groom.* Your Worship has six coach horses, (cut and long tail) two runners, half a dozen hunters, four breeding mares, and two blind stallions, besides pads, ronts, and dog-horses.

*Gent.* Look you there, Sir, I scorn to tell a lie. He that questions my honour... He's a Son of a whore. But to business... Having heard, Sir, that you were come to this Town, I have taken the pains to come hither too, tho' I had a great deal of business upon my hands, for I have appointed three *Justices of the peace* to hunt with 'em this morning... and be drunk with 'em in the afternoon. But the main chance must be look'd to... and that's this... I desire,

Sir,



Sir, you'll tell the King from me ... I don't like these taxes ... in one word, as well as in twenty ... I don't like these taxes.

Æsop. Pray, Sir, how high may you be tax'd?

Gent. How high may I be tax'd, Sir? ... Why, I may be tax'd, Sir, ... Four shillings in the pound, Sir, one half I pay in money ... and t'other half I pay in perjury, Sir. Hey, joular, joular, joular. Haux, haux, haux, haux, haux. Whoo, too ... Here's the best hound bitch in Europe, zoons in fine. And I had rather kifs her than kifs my wife ... Not me if I have not ... But, Sir, I don't like these taxes.

Æsop. Why how wou'd you have the war carry'd on?

Gent. War carry'd on, Sir? ... Why I had rather we no war carry'd on at all, Sir, than pay taxes. I don't desire to be ruin'd, Sir.

Æsop. Why you say you have three thousand pounds a year?

Gent. And so I have, Sir ... *Lett-Acre*. Sir, this is my Steward. How much land have I, *Lett-Acre*?

*Lett-Acre*. Your worship has three thousand pounds a year, as good lond as any's i'th' caunty; and two thousand paunds worth of wood to cut dawne at your worship's pleasure, and put the money in your pocket.

Gent. Look you there, Sir, what have you to say to that?

Æsop. I have to say, Sir, that you may pay your taxes in money, instead of perjury, and still have a better revenue than I'm afraid you deserve. What service do you do your King, Sir?

Gent. None at all, Sir ... I'm above it.

Æsop. What service may you do your country?

*Gent.* I'm Justice of the Peace...and Captain of the Militia.

*Æsop.* Of what use are you to your kindred?

*Gent.* I'm the head of the family, and have all the estate.

*Æsop.* What good do you do your neighbours?

*Gent.* I give 'em their bellies full of beef every time they come to see me; and make 'em so drunk they spew it up again before they go away.

*Æsop.* How do you use your tenants?

*Gent.* Why, I skrew up their rents 'till they break and run away, and if I catch 'em again, I let 'em rot in a goal.

*Æsop.* How do you treat your Wife?

*Gent.* I treat her all day with ill nature and tobacco, and all night with snoring and a dirty shirt.

*Æsop.* How do you breed your children?

*Gent.* I breed my eldest son...a fool, my youngest breed them selves, and my daughters...have no breeding at all.

*Æsop.* 'Tis very well, Sir; I shall be sure to speak to the King of you; or if you think fit to remonstrate to him, by way of petition or address, how reasonable it may be to let men of your importance go scotfree, in the time of a necessary war, I'll deliver it in council, and speak to it as I ought.

*Gent.* Why, Sir, I don't disapprove your advice, but my Clerk is not here, and I can't spell well.

*Æsop.* You may get it writ at your leisure, and send it me. But because you are not much us'd to draw up addresses, perhaps, I'll tell you in general what kind of one this ought to be.

*May it please your Majesty...*

*To the Gent.]* You'll excuse me if I don't know your name and title.

*Gent.* Sir, *Polidorus Hogstye*, of *Beest Hall*, in *Swine County*.

*Æsop.*

*Elp.* Very well.

May it please your Majesty; Polidorus Hogstye, of *Beast-Hall*, in Swine Connty, most humbly represents, that he hates to pay Taxes, the dreadful consequences of being inevitably these, That he must retrench two out of ten, where not above six of 'em are design'd for luxury.

Four bottles out of twenty; where not above fifteen of 'em are for drunkenness.

Six horses out of thirty; of which not above twenty are for state.

And four Servants out of a score; where one half do nothing but make work for t'other.

In this deplorable condition must your important person be reduc'd, or forc'd to cut down his timber, which he wou'd willingly preserve against an ill run at the

And as to the necessity of the war for the security of the kingdom; he neither knows nor cares whether it be necessary or not.

He concludes with his prayers for your Majesty's life, in condition you will protect him and his foxhounds at *Beast-Hall*, without e'er a penny of money.

*To the Gent.* ] This, Sir, I suppose, is much what you would be at.

*Gent.* Exactly, Sir, I'll be sure to have one drawn to the self same purpose; and next fox-hunting engage half the company shall set their hands

Sir, I am your... most devoted Servant: and if you please to let me see you at *Beast-Hall*, here's my Huntsman Houndsfoot will shew you a fox shall lead you through so many hedges and briars, you shall have no new cloaths on your back in half an hour's time.. than you had... in the womb of your mother. Haux. Haux, &c.

[ *Exit Shouting.*

*Elp.* O tempora, O mores!

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Ente<sup>r</sup>

*Enter Mr. Fruitful and his Wife.*

Mr. F. Heavens preserve the noble *Æsop*, grant him long life and happy days.

Mrs. F. And send him a fruitful wife, with a hopeful issue.

*Æsop.* And what is it I'm to do for you, good people, to make you amends for all these friendly wishes?

Mr. F. Sir, here's my self and my wife...

Mrs. F. Sir, here's I and my husband...

*To her husband.* ] Let me speak in my turn, Good man forward.

*To Æsop.* ] Sir, here's I and my Husband, I say think we have as good pretensions to the Kings favour as ever a Lord in the land.

*Æsop.* If you have no better than some Lords in the land, I hope you won't expect much for your service.

Mr. F. An't please you, you shall be judge yourself.

Mrs. F. That's as he gives sentence, Mr. Little-Who gave you power to come to a reference? If he does not do us right, the King himself shall; what's to be done here?

*To Æsop.* ] Sir, I'm forc'd to correct my Husband a little; poor man, he is not us'd to court business but to give him his due, he's ready enough at some things: Sir, I have had twenty fine children by him, fifteen of 'em are alive, and alive like to be; five Daughters are wedded and bedded, and ten proper Sons serve their King and their Country.

*Æsop.* A goodly company upon my word.

Mrs. F. Would all men take as much pains for peopling the kingdom, we might tuck up our aprons, and cry a fig for our enemies; but we

such a parcel of drones amongst us . . . Hold up your  
 head, Husband . . . He's a little out of countenance ;  
 Sir, because I chid him , but the man's a very  
 good man at the bottom. But to come to my busi-  
 ness, Sir; I hope his Majesty will think it reasonable  
 to allow me something for the service I have done  
 him; 'tis pity but labour shou'd be encourag'd, especi-  
 ally when what one has done, one has don't with a  
 good will.

Æsop. What profession are you of , good  
 people?

Mrs. F. My Husband's an Innkeeper , Sir ; he bears  
 the name, but I govern the house.

Æsop. And what posts are your Sons in, in the  
 service?

Mrs. F. Sir, there are four Monks.

Mr. F. Three Attorneys.

Mrs. F. Two Scriveners.

Mr. F. And an excise-man.

Æsop. The deuce o'the service; why , I thought they  
 had been all in the Army.

Mrs. F. Not one, Sir.

Æsop. No, so it seems, by my troth : ten Sons that  
 serve their country, quoth a , Monks, Attorneys ,  
 Scriveners and Excise-Men , serve their country with  
 vengeance; you deserve to be rewarded, truly; you  
 deserve to be hang'd; you wicked people you. Get  
 you gone out of my sight : I never was so angry in  
 my life.

[ *Exit Æsop.*

Mr. F. *To his Wife.* ] So; who's in the right now,  
 you or I? I told you what wou'd come on't; you must  
 be always a breeding , and breeding, and the King  
 wou'd take care of 'em, and the Queen wou'd  
 take care of 'em. And always some pretence  
 or other there was. But now we have got a great  
 parcel of whelps, and the Devil will take care of  
 them for ought I see. For your Sons are all rogues,  
 and



and your Daughters are all whores, you know they are.

Mrs. F. What, you are a grudging of your pains now, you lazy, sluggish, flegmatick drone. You have a mind to die of a lethargy, have you? But I'll raise your spirits for you, I will so. Get you gone home, go; go home you idle sot, you, I'll raise your spirits for you.

[ Exit pushing him before her.

Re-Enter Æsop.

Æsop. Solus. ] Monks, Attorneys, Scriveners, and Excise-Men!

Enter Oronces.

Or. O here he is. Sir, I have been searching for you to say two words to you.

Æsop. And now you have found me, Sir, what are they?

Or. They are, Sir...that my name's Oronces; you comprehend me.

Æsop. I comprehend your name.

Or. And not my business?

Æsop. Not I, by my troth.

Or. Then I shall endeavour to teach it, you, Monsieur Æsop.

Æsop. And I to learn it, Monsieur Oronces.

Or. Know, Sir...that I admire Euphronia.

Æsop. Know, Sir...that you are in the right on't.

Or. But I pretend, Sir, that no body else shall admire her.

Æsop. Then I pretend, Sir, she won't admire you.

Or. why so, Sir?

Æsop. Because, Sir...

Dr. What, Sir?

Esp. She's a woman, Sir.

Dr. What then, Sir?

Esp. Why then, Sir, she desires to be admir'd by  
every man she meets.

Dr. Sir, You are too familiar.

Esp. Sir, you are too haughty; I must soften that  
tone of yours: It don't become you Sir; it  
makes a Gentleman appear a Porter, Sir: and that you  
know the use of good language, I'll tell you  
once happen'd.

Once on a time .....

Dr. I'll have none of your old wives Fables, Sir: I  
have no time to lose, therefore, in a word ..

Esp. In a word, be mild: For nothing else will  
you service. Good manners and soft words have  
sought many a difficult thing to pass. Therefore hear  
patiently.

*A Cook one day, who had been drinking,*

*as many times you know,*

*as you see, Young, witty beaux will do)*

*avoid the dreadful pain of thinking,*

*his orders sent him to behead*

*grease, like any Chaplain fed.*

*A Cook such pains to set his knife right,*

*had done one good & have lost ones life by't.*

*as many men have many minds,*

*and various tastes in various kinds.*

*A man, who by mistake he seiz'd,*

*his wretched life was better pleas'd.*

*as he went to give the blow,*

*careful notes she let him know,*

*whether was a Goose, nor wish'd*

*to make her exit so.*

*The Cook, who thought of nought but blood,*

*as if it were the grease,*

and your Daughters are all whores, you know they are.

Mrs. F. What, you are a grudging of your pains now, you lazy, sluggish, flegmatick drone. You have a mind to die of a lethargy, have you? But I'll raise your spirits for you, I will so. Get you gone home, go; go home you idle for, you, I'll raise your spirits for you.

[Exit pushing him before her.]

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Æsop. Then I pretend, Sir, she won't admire you.

Or. why so, Sir?

Æsop. Because. Sir...

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*For as he went to give the blow,*

*His useful notes she let him know,*

*Neither was a Goose, nor wish'd*

*To make her exit so.*

*The Cook, who thought of nought but blood,*

*Found it were the grease,*

For that you know's his fees)  
 To hear her sing, in great amazement stood.  
 Gods fish, quoth he, 'twas well you spoke  
 For I was just upon the stroke.  
 Your feathers have so much of Goose,  
 A drunken Cook cou'd do no less  
 Than think you one; That you'll confess:  
 But y'ave a voice so soft, so sweet,  
 That rather than you shall be eat,  
 The house shall starve for want of meat:  
 And so he turn'd her loose.

To Or. Now, Sir, what say you? Will you be the  
 Swan, or the Goose?

Or. The choice can't, sure, be difficult to make.  
 I hope you will excuse my youthful heat;  
 Young men and Lovers have a claim to pardon:  
 But since the faults of age have no such plea,  
 I hope you'll be more cautious off offending.

The flame that warms *Euphronias* heart and mine  
 Has long, alas! been kindled in our breasts.  
 Even years are past since our two souls were wedded  
 'Twou'd be adultery but to wish to part 'em.  
 And wou'd a lump of clay alone content you?  
 A Mistress cold and senseless in your arms,  
 Without the least remains or signs of life,  
 Except her sighs, to mourn her absent lover.

Whilst you shou'd press her in your eager arms,  
 With fond desire and extasie of love,  
 Wou'd it not pierce you to the very soul,  
 To see her tears run trickling down her cheeks,  
 And know their fountain mean't 'em all to me?  
 Cou'd you bear this?

Yet thus the Gods revenge themselves on those  
 Who stop the happy course of mutual love.  
 If you must be unfortunate one way,



that where justice may support your grief;  
 from the weighty curse of injur'd Lovers.  
 Why, this is pleading like a Swan indeed...  
 any thing at stake but my *Euphronia*...  
 Your *Euphronia*, Sir...  
 The Goose... 'take heed...  
 any thing, I say, at stake but her,  
 Plea would be too strong to be refus'd.  
 your debate's about a Lady, Sir,  
 young, that's beautiful, that's made for Love  
 am not I, you'll say? but y'are mistaken, Sir;  
 made to love, tho' not to belov'd.  
 a heart like yours; I've folly too:  
 every instrument of Love like others.  
 But, Sir, you have not yet been long a Lover;  
 the passion's young and tender,  
 for you to become its master;  
 I shou'd strive in vain; mine's old and fixt.  
 The older 'tis, the eadier to be govern'd,  
 mine of as long a standing, 'twere possible I  
 get the better on't. Old passions are like old  
 weak, and soon jostled into the channel.  
 Yet age sometimes is strong, even to the verge  
 Ay, but there our comparison don't hold,  
 You are too merry to be much in love.  
 And you too sad to be so long.  
 My grief may end my days, so quench my flame;  
 nothing else can e'er extinguish it:  
 Don't be discourag'd, Sir; I have seen many  
 out-live his passion twenty years.  
 But I have sworn to die *Euphronias* slave.  
 A decay'd face always absolves a Lovers  
 Lovers whose oaths are made to faces then:  
*Euphronias* soul that I adore, which never can

*Æsop.* I would fain see a young fellow in love with  
a soul of threefold.

*Or.* Quit but *Euphronia* to me, and you shall,  
At least if Heavens bounty will afford us  
But years enough to prove my constancy,  
And this is all I ask the Gods and you. [Ex. Cl.]

*Æsop Solus:*

A good pretence however to beg a long life.  
How grossly do the inclinations of the flesh  
Impose upon the simplicity of the spirit?  
Had this young fellow but studied anatomy, he  
have found the source of his passion lay far from his  
Mistress's soul.

Alas! Alas!

Had Women no more charms in their bodies,  
Than what they have in their minds,  
We should see more wise men in the world,  
Much fewer Lovers and Poets. [Ex.]

*The End of the fourth act.*



## A C T V.

*Enter Euphronia and Doris.*

EUPHRONIA.

Heavens, what is't you make me do, *Doris*?  
 Apply my self to the Man I loath; beg favours  
 from him I hate; seek a reprieve from him I abhor;  
 now, 'tis mean, 'tis base in me.

*Mr.* Why, you hate the Devil as much as you do  
 him (or within a small matter) and should you  
 not be a scandal to pray him to let you alone a day or  
 two if he were a going to run away with you; ha?

*Dor.* I don't know what I think, nor what I say,  
 what I do: But sure th'art not my friend thus to  
 use me.

*Mr.* I advise; I advise nothing; e'en follow your  
 way; marry him, and make much of him. I  
 have a mind to see some of his breed; If you like it,  
 let it. He shan't breed out of me, only, that's all  
 I have to take care of.

*Dor.* Prithee don't distract me.

*Mr.* Why, to-morrow's the day, fix'd and firm;  
 you know it; much meat, little order, a great many  
 guests, few friends, horse-play, noise, and bawdy  
 songs, all's ready for a compleat wedding.

*Dor.* Oh! what shall I do?

*Mr.* Nay, I know this makes you tremble; and  
 your tender conscience scruples to drop one hypo-  
 critical curtsy, and say, pray, *Mr. Æsop*, be so kind  
 to let it a few days longer.

*Dor.* Thou know'st I cannot dissemble.

E

*Dor.*

*Æsop.* I wou'd fain see a young fellow in love with  
a soul of threescore.

*Or.* Quit but *Euphronia* to me, and you shall,  
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But years enough to prove my constancy,  
And this is all I ask the Gods and you. [Ex. Or.]

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*The End of the fourth act.*



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critical curtsy, and say, pray, Mr. *Æsop*, be so kind  
to let it a few days longer.

Thou know'st I cannot dissemble.

E

*Dor.*



*Dor.* I know you can dissemble well enough when you shou'd not do't. Do you remember how you us'd to plague your poor *Oronces*; make him believe you loath'd him, when you cou'd have kiss'd the ground he went on; affront him in all publick places; ridicule him in all company; abuse him where ever you went, and when you had reduc'd him within reach of hanging or drowning, then come home with tears in your eyes, and cry, now, *Doris*, let's gild lock our selves up and talk of my dear *Oronces*? Is not this true?

*Euph.* Yes, yes, yes. But, prithee, have some compassion on me. Come, I'll do any thing thou bid'st me -- What shall I say to this monster? Tell me, and I'll obey thee.

*Dor.* Nay then there's some hopes of you.

Why you must tell him -- 'Tis natural to you to dislike folks at first sight. That since you have consider'd him better, you find your aversion abated. That though perhaps it may be a hard matter for you ever to think him a Beau, you don't despair in time of finding out his *je ne scai quoi*. And that on t'other side, though you have hitherto thought (as most young women do) that nothing cou'd remove your first affection, yet you have very great hopes in the natural inconstancy of your sex.

Tell him, 'tis not impossible, a change may happen, provided he gives you time: but that if he goes to force you, there's another piece of nature peculiar to woman, which may chance to spoil all, and that's contradiction: ring that argument well in his ears: he's a Philosopher, he knows it has weight in't.

In short, wheedle, whine, flatter, lie, weep, spare nothing; it's a moist age, women have tears enough; and when you have melted him down, and gain'd more time, we'll employ it to

debates how to cheat him to the end of the chapter.

Expo. But you don't consider, *Doris*, that by this means I engage my self to him; and can't afterwards with honour retreat.

Doc. Madam, I know the world -- Honour's a jest; when jilting's useful.

Besides, he that wou'd have you break your oath with *Oronces*, can never have the impudence to blame you for cracking your word with himself. But who knows what may happen between the cup and the lip? Let either of the old Gentlemen die, and you ride triumphant. Wou'd I cou'd but see the Statesman sick a little, I'd recommend a Doctor to him, my cousin of mine, a man of conscience, a wise Physician; tip but the wink, he understands you.

Expo. Thou wicked wench, wou'dst poison him?

Doc. I don't know what I wou'd do, I think, I invent, and some how I will get rid of him. I do more for you, I'm sure, than you and your knight errant do together for your selves.

Expo. Alas, both he and I do all we can; thou canst we do.

Doc. Nay, I know y'are willing enough to get together; but y'are a couple of helpless things, Heaven

knows. Expo. Our stars, thou see'st, are bent to opposi-

Doc. Stars -- I'd fain see the stars hinder me from running away with a man I lik'd.

Expo. Ay, but thou know'st, shou'd I disoblige my father, he'd give my portion to my younger

brother. Doc. Ay, there the shoe pinches, there's the fault of the age; Ah! - to what an ebb of passion our lovers sunk in these days? Give me a woman who runs away with a man, when his whole estate's

pack'd up in his snap-sack. That tucks up her coat to her knees; and through thick and through thin from quarters to Camp, trudges heartily on, with Child on her back, another in her arms, and a babe in her belly: There's [flame with a witness, when this is the effects on't. But we must have Love in feather-bed, forsooth: a coach and six horses, clean linnen, and a cawdle, fie, for shame.

O ho, here comes our man. Now shew your woman, if you are one.

*Enter Æsop.*

*Æsop.* I'm told, fair Virgin, you desire to go with me. Lovers are apt to flatter themselves; take your message for a favour. I hope 'twas me so?

*Euph.* Favours from women are so cheap of late, men may expect 'em truly without vanity.

*Æsop.* If the women are so liberal, I think men are generous too on their side: 'Tis a well-bred age, thank Heaven; and a deal of civility there passes between the two sexes. What service is't that I do you, Lady?

*Euph.* Sir, I have a small favour to intreat you.

*Æsop.* What is't? I don't believe I shall refuse you.

*Euph.* What if you shou'd promise me, you would?

*Æsop.* Why then I shou'd make a divorce between my good breeding and my sence, which ought to be as sacred a knot as that of wedlock.

*Euph.* Dare you not trust then, Sir, the thing you love?

*Æsop.* Not when the thing I love don't love me. Never.

*Dor.* Trust is sometimes the way to be belov'd.

*Æsop.* Ay, but 'tis oftner the way to be cheated.

Pray promise me you'll grant my suit.

'Tis a reasonable one. I give you my word

If it be so, I do promise to grant it.

That's still leaving your self Judge.

Why, who's more concern'd in the trial?

But no body ought to be judge in their own

Yet he that is so, is sure to have no wrong

But if he does wrong to others, that's worse.

Worse for them, but not for him.

True politician, by my troth.

Men must be so when they have to do with

If I should tell you then there were a possi-  
I might be brought to love you, you'd scarce  
me.

I shou'd hope as a Lover, and suspect as a  
man.

*Aside.* ] Love and wisdom ! There's the  
of the age again.

You have liv'd long, Sir; and observ'd

did you never see time produce strange

es?

Amongst women I must confess I have.

Why, I'm a woman, Sir.

Why, truly that gives me some hopes.

I'll encrease 'em, Sir; I have already been  
two years.

And time, you know, wears all things to

Well observ'd.

What If you shou'd allow me some, to try  
I can do?

Why, truly, I would have patience a day

if there was as much probability of my being

your new gallant, as perhaps there may be of changing your old one.

*Dor.* She shall give you fair play for't, Sir; opportunity and leave to prattle, and that's what carries most women in our days. Nay, she shall do more for you. You shall play with her fan; squeeze her little finger; buckle her shoe; read a Romance to her in the arbour; and saunter in the woods on a moon-shiny night. If this don't melt her, she's no woman, or you no no man. --

*Æsop.* I'm not a man to melt a woman that way. I know my self, and know what they require. 'Tis through a woman's eye you pierce her heart. And I've no darts can make their entrance there.

*Dor.* You are a great Statesman, Sir; but I find you know little of our matters. A woman's heart to be enter'd forty ways. Every sense she has about her keeps a door to't. With a smockface, and a feather, you get in at her eyes. With powerful nonsense, in soft words, you creep in at her ears. An essenc'd peruke, and a sweet handkerchief, lets you in at her nose. With a treat, and a bowl full of sweet-meats, you slip in at her mouth: and if you would enter by her sense of feeling, 'tis beaten a road as the rest. What think you now, Sir? *There are more ways to the woods than one,* you see.

*Æsop.* Why, y'are an admirable Pilot. I don't doubt but you have steer'd many a ship safe to harbour: But I'm an old stubborn sea man; I must sail by my own compass still.

*Euph.* And, by your obstinacy, lose your vessel.

*Æsop.* No: I'm just entring into port; we'll be married to-morrow.

*Euph.* For Heavens sake defer it some days longer. I cannot love you yet, indeed I cannot.

*Æsop.* Nor never will, I dare swear.



Why then will you marry me?

Because I love you.

If you lov'd me, you wou'd never make me

Not if I lov'd you for your fake; but I love  
my own.

*Aside.* ] There's an old rogue for you.

*Weeping.* ] Is there no way left? must I be

'Tis but resolving to be pleas'd. You can't  
the strength of resolution. I have seen a  
resolve to be in the wrong all the days of her  
and by the help of her resolution, she has kept  
to a tittle.

Methinks the subject w'are upon shou'd be  
ought enough to make you serious.

Right: to-morrow morning pray be ready:  
and me so; I'm serious: Now I hope you are

*[ Turning away from her.*

*Going off weeping, and leaning upon Doris.* ]  
heart! For if thou hold'st, I'm miserable.

*to Æsop.* ] Now may the extravagance of a  
wife, with the insolence of a vertuous one,  
and in hand, and bring thy grey hairs to the

*[ Exeunt Euphronia and Doris.*

My old friend wishes me well to the last I

*Enter Lærcus hastily, follow'd by Oronces.*

Pray hear me, Sir.

'Tis in vain: I'm resolv'd, I tell thee.

*Æsop*, since you are pleas'd to accept of  
offspring for your comfort, be so charitable  
old age, to deliver me from the impertinence  
by making her your wife this instant; for  
a plot against my life, they have resolv'd to

teaze me to death to-night, that they may break the match to-morrow morning. Marry her this instant I intreat you.

*Æsop.* This instant, say you?

*Lear.* This instant; this very instant.

*Æsop.* 'Tis enough; get all things ready; I'll be with you in a mornent. [Exit Æsop]

*Lear.* Now, what say you, Mr. Flame-Fire? I have the whip-hand of you presently.

*Or.* Defer it till to-morrow, Sir.

*Lear.* That you may run away with her to-night ha? --

Sir, your most obedient, humble servant.

Hey; who waits there? Call my Daughter to me quick.

I'll give her her dispatches presently.

*Enter Euphronia.*

*Euph.* D'ye call, Sir?

*Lear.* Yes I do, minx. Go shift your self, and put on your best cloaths. You are to be marry'd.

*Euph.* Marry'd, Sir?

*Lear.* Yes, marry'd, Madam; and that this instant too.

*Euph.* Dear, Sir!

*Lear.* Not a word: obedience and a clean smock dispatch. [Exit Euphronia]

[Learcus going off, turns to Oronotus]

Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

*Or.* Yet hear what I've to say.

*Lear.* And what have you to say, Sir?

*Or.* Alas! I know not what I have to say!

*Lear.* Very like so. That's a sure sign he's in love now.

*Or.* Have you no bowels?

*Lear.* Ha, ha! bowels in a parent! Here's a young

young fellow for you. Hark thee, stripling ; being  
 a very merry humour, I don't care if I discover  
 some paternal secrets to thee.

Know then , that how humourfome, how whim-  
 al soever we may appear, there's one fixt principle  
 runs through almost the whole race of us ; and  
 that's to please our selves. Why do'st think I got my  
 daughter ? Why , there was something in't that  
 pleas'd me. Why do'st think I marry my daughter ?  
 Why to please my self still. And what is't that plea-  
 ses me ? Why, my interest ; what do'st think it shou'd  
 be ? If *Æsop's* my Son-in-Law, he'll make me a Lord :  
 thou art my Son-in- Law ---- thou'lt make me a  
 grand-father. Now I have more mind to be a Lord  
 than a grand-father, give my Daughter to him, and not  
 to thee.

Then shall her happiness weigh nothing with

me. Not this. If it did, I'd give her to thee,  
 not to him.

Do you think forc'd marriage the way to keep  
 women vertuous ?

No ; nor I don't care whether women are  
 vertuous or not.

You know your daughter loves me.

I do so.

What if the children that *Æsop* may happen to  
 shou'd chance to be begot by me ?

Why , then *Æsop* wou'd be the cuckold  
 not I.

Is that all your care ?

Yes : I speak as a Father.

What think you of your child's concern in t'other  
 world ?

Why, I think it my child's concern , not mine.  
 I speak as a Father.

Do you remember you once gave me your  
 consent

consent to wed your daughter?

*Lear.* I did.

*Or.* Why did you so?

*Lear.* Because you were the best match that offer'd at that time. I did like a Father.

*Or.* Why then, Sir, do like a Lover. I'll make you keep your word, or cut your throat.

*Lear.* Who waits there, hey?

*Enter Servants.*

Seize me that bully there. Carry him to prison, and keep him safe.

[*They seize him.*]

*Or.* Why, you won't use me thus?

*Lear.* Yes, but I will tho': away with him. Sir, your most humble Servant: I wish you a good nights rest; and as far as a merry dream goes, my Daughter's at your service.

*Or.* Death and Furies!

[*Exeunt Servants with Orones.*]

*Lear.* Singing. ] *Dol, de tol dol, dol, de tol dol.*  
*Lilly burleighre's lodg'd in a bough.*

*Enter a Troop of Musicians, Dancers, &c.*

*Lear.* How now? What have we got here?

*Mus.* Sir, we are a troop of trifling fellows, fiddlers, and dancers, come to celebrate the wedding of your fair Daughter, if your honour pleases to give us leave.

*Lear.* With all my heart: But who do you take me for, Sir; ha?

*Mus.* I take your honour for our noble Governour of Syfficus.

*Lear.* Governour of Syfficus; Governour of a cheese-cake! I'm Father-in-Law to the great *Æsop*. Sirrah.

*All bow to him.*

[*Aside.*] -- I shall be a great man:

tune your fiddles; shake your legs; get all ready. My Son in law will be here presently -- will be a great Man.

[*Exit.*

A great marriage, Brother: What do'st think of the end on't?

Mus. Why, I believe we shall see three turns. This old fellow here will turn fool; his daughter will turn Strumpet; and his Son-in-law will turn both out of doors. But that's nothing to me, as long as we are paid for our fiddling, away, Gentleman.

Mus. D'ye hear, trumpets? When the Bride comes, salute her with a melancholy waft. 'Twill be her humour; for I guess she mayn't be over-well.

*Enter Lærcus with several friends, and a Priest.*

Lærcus. Gentlemen and friends, y'are all welcome. I've sent to as many of you as our short time would leave, to desire you wou'd be witnesses of the great Æsop designs our self and family, who attends there?

Lærcus. Let my Daughter know I wait for her.

[*Ex. Servants.*

Lærcus. 'Tis a vast honour that is done me, Gentlemen.

Genr. It is indeed, my Lord.

Lærcus. [*Aside.*] Look you there; if they don't call my Lord already -- I shall be a great man.

*Euphronia weeping, and leaning upon Doris; both in deep mourning.*

Lærcus. How now? What's here? All in deep mourning?



mourning? Here's a provoking baggage for you.

[*The Trumpets sound a melancholy air till Æsop appears; and then the violins and hautboys strike up the Lancashire hornpipe.*]

*Enter Æsop in a gay, foppish dress, long peruke, and a gaudy equipage of Pages and Footmen, all enter in an airy, brisk manner.*

*Æsop in an affected tone to Euphronia.* ] Gad take my soul, Mame, I hope I shall please you now. Gentlemen all, I'm your humble Servant. I'm going to be a very happy man, you see.

*To Euph.* ] When the heat of the ceremonie's over, if your Ladiship pleases, Mame, I'll wait upon you to take the air in the park. Hey, Page; let there be a coach and six horses ready instantly.

*Observing her dress.* ] -- I vow to Gad, Mame, I was so taken up with my good fortune, I did not observe the extream fancy of your Ladiships wedding-cloaths... Infinitely pretty, as I hope to be in a world of variety, and not at all gaudy.

*To Lear.* ] -- My dear Father-in-law, embrace me.

*Lear.* Your Lordship does me too much honour.

*Aside.* ] -- I shall be a great Man.

*Æsop.* Come, Gentlemen, are all things ready where's the Priest?

*Priest.* Here my Noble Lord.

*Æsop.* Most Reverend -- Will you please to grace that I may fall to, for I'm hungry, and here's very good meat. But where's my Rival all this while? The least we can do, is to invite him to the wedding.

*Lear.* My Lord, he's in prison.

*Æsop.* In prison! How so?

*Lear.* He would have murder'd me.

A bloody fellow! But let's see him however,  
for him quickly.

Governour -- that handsome Daughter of yours  
to mumble her --

I shall be a great Man.

*Enter Oronces pinion'd and guarded.*

O ho: Here's my Rival: Then we have all

Advantage, Sir, if you please. I desire

do me the favour to be a witness to my marriage,

one of these days you shou'd take a fancy to dispute

with me.

Do you then send for me to insult me? 'Tis

you.

I have no time now to throw away upon

of generosity; I have hotter work upon my

Come, Priest, advance.

Pray hold him fast there; he has the Devil and

mischief in's eye.

*Mame, to Enph.* ] Will your Ladiship please, Mame,

me your fair hand -- hey -- day.

*[ She refuses her hand.*

I'll give it you, my noble Lord, if she

*A stubborn, self-will'd, stiff-necked*

*Oroncus holds out her hand to Æsop, who takes it;*

*stands on Æsops left hand, and the Priest*

Let my Rival stand next me: Of all men I'd

be satisfy'd.

Barbarous inhumane monster.

Now, Priest, do thy office.

*Flourish with the Trumpets.*

Since the eternal Laws of Fate decree,

thy husband; she, thy wife shou'd be;

May

May Heaven taken you to its care;  
 May *Jupiter* look down,  
 Place on your heads contentments crown;  
 And may his Godhead never frown  
 Upon this happy pair.

[ *Flourish agen of Trumpets*  
 [ *As the Priest pronounces the last line, Æsop joins*  
*Orrones and Euphronias hands.*

*Or.* O happy change: blessings on blessings wait  
 the generous *Æsop*.

*Æsop.* Happy, thrice happy may you ever be,  
 And if you think there's something due to me,  
 Pay it in mutual love and constancy.

*Euph. to Æsop.* [You'll pardon me, most generous man,  
 It in the present transports of my soul,  
 Which you your self have by your bounty caus'd,  
 My willing tongue is ty'd from uttering  
 The thoughts that flow from a most grateful heart.

*Æsop.* For what I've done I merit little thanks,  
 Since what I've done my duty bound me to.  
 I wou'd your Father had acquitted his:  
 But he who's such a Tyrant o'er his children,  
 To sacrifice their peace to his ambition,  
 Is fit to govern nothing but himself.

[ *To Lear* ] And therefore, Sir, at my return to Court,  
 I shall take care this City may be sway'd  
 By more humanity than dwells in you.

*Lear. Aside.* ] I shall be a great man.

*Euph. to Æsop.* ] Had I not reason, from your  
 constant goodness,

To judge your bounty, Sir, is infinite;  
 I shou'd not dare to sue for farther favours:  
 But pardon me, if imitating Heaven and you,  
 I easily forgive my aged Father,  
 And beg that *Æsop* wou'd forgive him too.

[ *Kneeling to him*  
*Æsop.* The injury he wou'd have done to you was

indeed: but 'twas a blessing he design'd for me.  
 Therefore you can pardon him, I may  
 Lear ] Your injur'd Daughter, Sir, has on  
 her knees  
 plead for her cruel, barbarous Father;  
 by her goodness, has obtain'd her suit.  
 the remnant of your days you can  
 at some way to recompence her, do it,  
 men and Gods may pardon you, as she and I have  
 But let me see, I have one quarrel still to make  
 here's my old friend, *Doris*?  
 She's here, Sir, at your service; and as much  
 friend as ever: true to her principles, and firm to  
 distress. But she has a much better opinion of you  
 than she had half an hour ago.  
 She has reason: For my soul appear'd then as  
 as my body. But I hope now one may so far  
 for t'other, that provided I don't make love,  
 women won't quarrel with me; for they are worse  
 as even than they are friends.  
 me, Gentlemen, I'll humour my dress a little  
 and share with you in the diversions these boon  
 companions have prepar'd us. Let's take our places,  
 how they can divert us.

leads the Bride to her place. All being seated;  
 a short consort of hautboys, Trumpets, &c.  
 which a dance between an old man, and young  
 woman, who shuns him still as he comes near her.  
 he stops, and begins this dialogue; which they  
 together.

Old Man.

so cold, and why so coy?  
 I want in youth and fire;  
 in love and in desire:  
 my arms, my love, my joy;  
 so cold, and why so coy?

Woman

Woman.

'Tis sympathy perhaps with you;  
You are cold, and I'm so too.

Old Man.

My years alone have froze my blood;  
Youthful heat in female charms,  
Glowing in my aged arms,  
Wou'd melt it down once more into a flood.

Woman.

Women, alas, like flints, ne'er burn alone:  
To make a virgin know  
There's fire within the stone,  
Some manly steel must boldly strike the blow.

Old man.

'Assist me only with your charms,  
You'll find I'm man, and still am bold;  
You'll find I still can strike, tho' old:  
I only want your aid to raise my arm.

Enter a Youth who seizes on the young woman.

Youth.

Who talks of charms, who talks of aid?  
I bring an arm  
That wants no charm,  
To rouse the fire that's in a flinty maid.  
Retire old age,  
...Winter be gone:  
Behold the youthful spring comes gayly on.  
Here, here's a torch to light a virgins fire!  
To my arms, my love, my joy;  
When women have what they desire,  
They're neither cold nor coy.

[ She takes him in her arms ]



*Song and Dance ended, Æsop takes Euphronia  
Oronces by the hands, leading them forwards.*

*Æsop.* By this time, my young eager couple, 'tis  
possible you wou'd be glad to be alone; perhaps  
you'll have a mind to go to-bed even without your  
parents; for Brides and Bridegrooms eat little on their  
wedding-night. But since, if matrimony were worn  
as ought to be, it wou'd perhaps sit easier about us  
than actually it does, I'll give you one word of counsel,  
so I shall release you.

*Æsop.* If one is out of humour, let the other be dumb.  
Your diversions be such as both may have a share  
in 'em.

*Æsop.* Let familiarity exclude respect.

*Æsop.* Be clean in your cloaths, but nicely so in your  
persons.

*Æsop.* Eat at one table, lye in one room, but sleep in  
two beds.

*Woman.* And the Ladies why.

*Turning to the Boxes.*

*Æsop.* The sprightly month of May,  
When males and females sport and play,  
And kiss and toy away the day,  
The tender sparrow and his mate,  
Sitting on a tree were fate,  
Full of love...and full of prate.  
They talk't of nothing but their fires,  
Kindling heats, and strong desires;  
And eternal constancy;

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*Æsop.* True and faithful they wou'd be;  
And that, and endless joys,  
And a thousand more such toys.  
The only thing they apprehended,

F

Was

Was that their lives wou'd be so short;  
They cou'd not finish half their sport  
Before their days were ended.  
But as from bough to bough they rove,  
They chanc'd at last  
In furious haste,  
On a twig with birdlime spread,  
( Want of a more downy bed )  
To act a scene of love.  
Fatal it prov'd to both their fires:  
For tho' at length they broke away,  
And baulk'd the school-boy of his prey,  
Which made him weep the liev long day:  
The bridegroom, in the hasty strife,  
Was stuck so fast to his dear wife,  
That tho' he us'd his utmost art,  
He quickly found it was in vain,  
To put himself to farther pain,  
They never more must part.  
A gloomy shade o'erca'st his brow;  
He found himself... I know not how;  
He look'd... as husbands often do.  
Where-e'er he mov'd, he felt her still,  
She kiss'd him oft against his will:  
Abroad, at home, at bed and board,  
With favours she o'erwhelm'd her Lord,  
Oft he turn'd his head away,  
And eldom had a word to say,  
Which absolutely spoil'd her ply,  
For she was better stor'd.  
Howe'er at length her stock was spent,  
( For female fires sometimes may be  
Subject to mortality; )  
So back to back they sit, and sullenly repent,  
But the mute scene was quickly ended,  
The Lady for her share pretended  
The want of love lay at his door;

For her part she had still in store  
 enough for him, and twenty more;  
 Which cou'd not be contented.

He answer'd her in homely words,  
 (For sparrows are but ill-bred birds)  
 That he already had enjoy'd

as much, that truly he was cloy'd.

Which so provok'd her spleen,

That after some good hearty prayers,

Hotte, and some spightful tears,

They fell together by the ears,

And ne'er were fond again.





# Æ S O P

## P A R T I I.

### S C E N E I.

*Enter Players.*

Æ S O P.

**W**ell good people, who are all you?

*Omnes.* Sir we are Players...

*Æsop.* Players? What Players?

*Play.* Why, Sir, we are Stage-Players,  
That's our calling:

Tho' we play upon other things too; some of us  
upon the fiddle; some play upon the flute; we  
upon one another; we play upon the Town: We  
upon the patentees.

*Æsop.* Patentees! prethee what are they?

*Play.* Why, they are, Sir ... Sir they are  
Cod I don't know what they are... Fish or flesh  
masters or servants ... Sometimes one ... Some  
times t'other, I think ... just as we are in  
mood.

*Æsop.* Why, I thought they had a lawful authority  
over you!

Plow. Lawful authority, Sir ... Sir, we are freeborn  
men, we care not for Law nor authority nei-  
ther when we are out of humour.

But I think they pretended at least to an au-  
thority over you; 'pray' upon what foundation was

Upon a rotten one ... if you'll believe us.

I'll tell you what the Projectors did :

They bark'd twenty thousand pound upon a leaky

She was built at *White-hall* ; I think they

her ... the Patent ... ay the Patent ;

keel was made of a Broad seal ... and the King

them a white staff for their main malt.

was a pretty tight frigot to look upon, indeed :

they fear'd nothing to set her off; they gilded her,

paint'd her, and rigg'd, and gunn'd her.

so sent her a privateering. But the first storm

blew, down went the mast ; ashore went the

Crack says the keel, mercy cry'd the Pilot ;

the wind was so high his pray'rs cou'd not be

... so they split upon a rock ... That lay hid un-

perpeticoat.

A very sad story, this: But what became of

the company?

Why, Sir, your humble Servants here, who

the Officers, and the best of the sailors ---

the Ben amongst the rest) seiz'd on a small bark

to our hand, & away we put to sea again. To

the truth, we were better mann'd than rigg'd,

ammunition was plaguy scarce amongst us ... How-

crusing we went, and some petty small pri-

we have made ; but the blessing of Heaven not

amongst us ... Or how the devil 'tis, I can't tell;

we are not rich.

Well, but what became of the rest of the

Why, Sir, as for the scoundrels, they,

poor



poor dogs, stuck by the wrack. The Captain gave 'em bread and cheese, and good words... He told them, if they wou'd patch her up, and venture to other cruise, he'd prefer 'em all; So to work they went, and to sea they got her.

*Æsop.* I hope he kept his word with 'em?

*Play.* That he did; he made the boatswains mate, Lieutenant; he made the Cook, Doctor: he was forc'd to be Purser, and Pilot, and Gunner himself; And the Swabber took orders to be Chaplain.

*Æsop.* But with such unskilful Officers I'm afraid they'll hardly keep above water long.

*Play.* Why truly, Sir, we care not how soon they are under: But curst folks thrive, I think. I know nothing else that makes 'em swim: I'm sure, by the rules of navigation, they ought to have over-set long since; 'for they carry a great deal of sail, and have very little ballast.

*Æsop.* I'm afraid you ruin one another. I fancy if you were all in a ship together again, you'd have less work, and more profit.

*Play.* Ah, Sir... we are resolv'd we'll never sail under Captain Patentee again.

*Æsop.* Prithee, why so?

*Play.* Sir, he has us'd us like dogs.

*Wom.* ... And bitches too, Sir.

*Æsop.* I'm sorry to hear that; pray' how was't treated you?

*Play.* Sir, 'tis impossible to tell; he us'd us like the *English* at *Amboyna*...

*Æsop.* But I wou'd know some particulars; tell me what 'twas he did to you?

*Play.* What he did, Sir, ... why, he did in the first place, Sir...

... In the first place, Sir, he did... I cod I don't know what he did... Can you tell, wife?

*Wom.* Yes, marry can I; and a burning shame it was too.

Boy. O, I remember now, Sir, he wou'd not give  
pounds enough in our pudding.

Boy. That indeed was very hard; but did he give you  
many as he promis'd you?

Boy. Yes, and more; but what of all that, we had  
as many as we had a mind to ...

Wom. Sir, my husband tells you truth...

Boy. I believe he may; but what other wrongs did  
you?

Wom. Why, Sir, he did not treat me with  
respect; 'twas not one day in three he wou'd so much  
as bid me good-morrow ...

Wom. Sir, he invited me to dinner, and never  
at my health.

Wom. Then he cock'd his hat at Mrs. *Pert*.

Wom. Yes, and told Mrs. *Slippery* he had as good  
as she had.

Boy. Why, these were unfufferable abuses...

Play. Then, Sir, I did but come to him one day--  
told him I wanted fifty pound; and what do you  
think he did by me, Sir...

Boy. He turn'd round upon his heel like a top...

Play. But that was nothing to the affront he put  
on me, Sir,

Boy. He came to him, and in very civil words, as I thought,  
told him to double my pay: Sir, wou'd you believe  
he had the barbarity to ask me if I intended to  
leave my work; and because I told him, No, Sir...  
he use me, good Lord, how he did use me.

Boy. Prithee how?

Play. Why he walk'd off, and answer'd me never  
a word.

Boy. How had you patience?

Play. Sir, I had not patience. I sent him a chal-  
lenge. And what do you think his answer was... he  
said, I was a scoundrel Son of a whore, and  
wou'd only fight me by proxy...

*Æsop.* Very fine.

*I Play.* At this rate, Sir, were we poor dogs us'd ... till one frosty morning down he comes among us ... and very roundly tells us ... That for the future no purchase no pay. They that would not work should not eat ... Sir, we at first ask'd him cool and civilly ... Why? His answer was because the Town wanted diversion, and he wanted money ... Our reply to this, Sir, was very short; but I think to the purpose.

*Æsop.* What was it?

*I Play.* It was, Sir, that so we wallow'd in plenty ... and ease, the Town and he might be damn'd. This, Sir, is the true history of our separation and we hope you'll stand our friend ...

*Æsop.* I'll tell you what, Sirs ...

I once a pack of a beagles knew ...

That much resembled I know who:

With at good Huntsman at their tail.

In full command,

With whip in hand,

They'd run apace

The cheartful chace,

\* And of their game were seldom known to fail.

But being at length their chance to find

A Huntsman of a gentler kind,

They soon perceiv'd the rein was slack.

The word went quickly through the pack ...

They one and all cry'd liberty:

This happy moment we are free.

We'll range the woods,

Like Nymphs and Gods,

And spend our mouths in praise of mutiny.

With that old Fowler trots away,

And Bowman singles out his prey.

Thunder bellow'd through the wood,

And swore he'd burst his guts with blood.

Thus tript it o'er the plain,  
 With boundless hopes of boundless gain.  
 Thus, she slipt down the hedge,  
 But left her sacred word for pledge;  
 That all she pickt up by the by...  
 Should to the publick treasury.  
 And well they might rely upon her,  
 For *Juno* was a bitch of honour.  
 In short, they all had hopes to see  
 A heavenly crop of mutiny,  
 And so to reaping fell.  
 In a little time they found,  
 'Twas the Devil had till'd the ground,  
 And brought the seed from hell.  
 The pack divided, nothing throve:  
 Nor'd seiz'd the throne of love.  
 Want and misery all endure,  
 And take pains, and all grow poor.  
 When they had toyl'd the live long day,  
 All come at night to view their prey,  
 Alas so ill they sped,  
 That half went supperless to - bed.  
 At length they all in council sate,  
 Where at a very fair debate,  
 'Twas agreed at last,  
 That slavery, with ease and plenty,  
 When hounds were something turn'd of twenty,  
 Was much a better fate,  
 Than 'twas to work and fast.  
 They. We'll, Sir ... and what did they do  
 Why they all went home to their kennel again.  
 They think they did wisely, you'll do well to follow  
 For example. [Exit *Æsop*.  
 They. Well, Beagles. What think you of the little  
 Romans advice?

2 *Wom.* I think he's a little ugly Philosopher, and talks like a fool.

1 *Play.* Ay, why there's it now! if he had been a tall handsome blockhead, he had talk'd like a wise Man.

2 *Wom.* Why, do you think, Mr. Fowler, that we'll ever join again?

1 *Play.* I do think, sweet Mrs. Juno, that if we do not join again, you must be a little freer of your carcass than you are, or you must bring down your pride to a serge petticoat.

1 *Wom.* And do you think, Sir, after the affront I have receiv'd, the Patent and I can ever be friends?

1 *Play.* I do think, Madam, that if my interest had not been more affronted than your face, the Patent and you had never been foes.

1 *Wom.* And so, Sir, then you have serious thoughts of a reconciliation?

1 *Play.* Madam, I do believe I may.

1 *Wom.* Why then, Sir, give me leave to tell you that ... make it my interest, and I'll have serious thoughts on't too.

2 *Wom.* Nay, if you are thereabouts, I desire to come into the treaty.

3 *Play.* And I.

4 *Play.* And I.

2 *Play.* And I No separate Peace. None of you Turin play, I beseech you.

1 *Play.* Why then, since you are all so Christianly dispos'd ... I think we had best adjourn, immediately to our Council-Chamber; chuse some potent Prince for mediator, and guarantee ... Fix upon the place of treaty, dispatch our Plenipos, and wrap up the Peace like an oyster. For under the rose, confederates, here is such a damn'd discount upon our Bills, I'm afraid, if we stand it out another Campaign we must live upon slender subsistence.

[Exeunt]



## SCENE II.

*Enter Æsop. And a little after,*

*a Country Gentleman, who walks too and fro,  
looking angrily upon Æsop.*

Æsop.

Have you any business with me, Sir?

Gent. -- I can't tell whether I have or not.

You seem disturb'd, Sir.

I'm always so at the sight of a Courtier.

Pray what may it be that gives you so great  
sympathy to 'em?

My profession.

What's that?

Honestly.

'Tis an honest profession.

Sir, for the general good of mankind, you  
some publick employment?

So I am Sir -- no thanks to the Court.

You are then, I suppose, employ'd by, --

My Country.

Who have made you ---

A Senator.

Sir, I reverence you.

[*bowing.*]

Sir you may reverence as low as you please;

but I shall spare none of you. Sir, I am intrusted by

my Country with above ten thousand of their grievan-

ces in order to redress 'em, my design is to hang

all Courtiers.

Why, 'tis making short work, I must confess:

you sure, Sir, that wou'd do't?

*Gent.* Sure-- Ay sure.

*Æsop.* How do you know?

*Gent.* Why the whole country says so, and I the head of 'em: now let me see who dares say the contrary.

*Æsop.* Not I, truly. But, Sir, if you won't take it ill, I'll ask you a question or two.

*Gent.* Sir, I shall take ill what I please. And you, or e'er a Courtier of you all pretend the contrary. I say, it's a breach of Privilege--Now put your question, if you think fit.

*Æsop.* Why then, Sir, with all due regard to your character, and your privilege too, I would be glad to know what you chiefly complain of?

*Gent.* Why, Sir, I do chiefly complain, that we have a great many ships, and very little trade.

A great many tenants, and very little money.

A great many Soldiers, and very little fighting.

A great many Gazettes, and little good news.

A great many States-men, and very little wisdom.

A great many Parsons, and not an ounce of Religion.

*Æsop.* Why truly, Sir, I do confess these are grievances very well worth your redressing. I perceive you are truly sensible of our diseases, but I'm afraid you are a little out in the cure.

*Gent.* Sir, I perceive you take me for a Country Physician: But you shall find, Sir, that a Country Doctor is able to a deal with a Court-Quack; and I shew you, that I do understand something of the state of the body Politick. I will tell you, Sir, that I have heard a wise Man say; the Court is the stomach of the Nation, in which, if the business is not thoroughly digested, the whole carcass will be in disorder. Now, Sir, I do find by the latitudes of the Members, and the vapours that fly into the head, that this same stomach is full of indigestion, which must be remov'd. And therefore, Sir, I

post to Town with my head full of *Crocus Mem.*  
 sign to give the Court a vomit.

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 ly into  
 indigestion  
 , Sir, I  
 com

Sir, the Physick you mention, tho' necess-  
 sometimes, is of too violent a nature to be us'd  
 out a great deal of caution. I'm afraid you are  
 too rash in your prescriptions. Is it not possi-  
 you may be mistaken in the cause of the distem-

Sir, I do not think it possible I shou'd be  
 put you in any thing

Have you been long a Senator?

No, Sir.

Have you been much about Town?

No, Sir.

Have you convers'd much with men of busi-

No, Sir.

Have you made any serious enquiry into the  
 disorders of the nation?

No, Sir.

Have you ever heard what the men now  
 in business have to say for themselves?

No, Sir.

How then do you know they deserve to be  
 for the present disorders in your affairs?

I'll tell you how I know.

I wou'd be glad to hear.

Why I know by this -- I know it, I say;

that I'm sure on't -- And to give

demonstration that I'm sure on't, there is not

man in a good post in the nation -- but I'd give

more to hang him: now I hope you are con-

As for example. The first Minister of State,

wou'd you hang him?

Because he gives bad council.

How do you know?

Why they say so.

*Æsop.* And who wou'd you put in his room?

*Gent.* One that wou'd give better.

*Æsop.* Who's that?

*Gent.* My self.

*Æsop.* The Secretary of State, why wou'd you hang him?

*Gent.* Because he has not good intelligence.

*Æsop.* How do you know?

*Gent.* I have heard so.

*Æsop.* And who wou'd you put in his place?

*Gent.* My Father.

*Æsop.* The Treasurer, why would you hang him?

*Gent.* Because he does not understand his business.

*Æsop.* How do you know?

*Gent.* I dreamt so.

*Æsop.* And who would you have succeed him?

*Gent.* My Uncle

*Æsop.* The Admiral, why would you hang him?

*Gent.* Because he has not destroyed the enemies.

*Æsop.* How do you know he could do it?

*Gent.* Why I believe so.

*Æsop.* And who would you have command in stead?

*Gent.* My Brother.

*Æsop.* And the General, why would you hang him?

*Gent.* Because he took ne'er a Town last campaign.

*Æsop.* And how do you know 'twas in his power?

*Gent.* Why, I don't care a fous whether it was in power or not. But I have a Son at home, a brave chopping lad; he has been Captain in the *Militia* twelve months. and I'd be glad to see him in his place. What do you stare for Sir? ha? I gad I think you he'd scoure all the Devils. He's none of your fencers; none of your *Sa, Sa* men. *Nymphs* downright; that's his play. You may see his courage in his face. He has a pair of cheeks like two bladders, a nose as flat as your hand, and a forehead like a bull.

*Æsop.*

In short, Sir, I find if you and your family provided for things would soon go better that

And so they wou'd, Sir. Clap me at the head of the State, and *Numphs* at the head of the He with his club musquet, and I with a broad-piece, we'd soon put an end to your busi-

I believe you wou'd indeed. And therefore happen to be acquainted with your extraordinary abilities, I am resolv'd to give the King an account, and employ my interest with him, that your Son may have the posts you desire.

Will you by the Lord? Give me your fist, the only honest Courtier that ever I met with in

But, Sir, when I have done you this mighty service, I shall have a small request to beg, which I hope you won't refuse me.

What's that?

Why 'tis in behalf of the two Officers who be displac'd to make room for you and your

the Secretary and the General?

The same. 'Tis pity they should be quite out of business. I must therefore desire you'll let me commend one of 'em to you for your Balliff, and the other for your Huntsman.

My Balliff and my Huntsman? -- Sir, that's to be granted.

Pray why?

Why? -- Because one wou'd ruin my land, the other wou'd spoil my fox-hounds.

Why do you think so?

Why do I think so? -- These Courtiers will ask the strangest questions -- Why Sir, do you think I am bred up to the State and the Army,

can



can understand the business of ploughing and hunting?

*Æsop.* I did not know but they might.

*Gent.* How cou'd you think so?

*Æsop.* Because I see men bred up to ploughing hunting, understand the business of the State and Army.

*Gent.* I'm shot--I ha'n't one word to say for self-- I never was so caught in my life.

*Æsop.* I perceive, Sir by your looks what I have said has made some impression upon you; and would perhaps do more if you would give it leave.

*Taking his hand.* ] Come, Sir, tho' I am a stranger to you, I can be your friend; my favour at Court will not hinder me from being a lover of my Country. 'Tis my nature, as well as principles, to be pleased with the prosperity of mankind. I wish all things happy, and my study is to make 'em so.

The distempers of the government, which I own are great, have employ'd the stretch of my understanding and the deepest of my thoughts, to penetrate the cause and to find out the remedy: But alas! all the product of my study is this; that I find there is too great a resemblance between the diseases of the State and those of the body, for the most expert Minister to become a greater master in one, than a College is in t'other. And how far their skill extends, you may see by this lump upon my back. Allowances in all professions there must be, since 'tis a weak man that is the weak Professor. Believe me, Sir, a Senator, for I have seen the proof on't. The least gift heard amongst us is a fool. Cou'd you but stand behind the curtain, and there observe the secret springs of State, you'd see in all the good or evil that attends it, ten ounces of chance for one grain of wisdom or roguery.

You'd see, perhaps, a venerable Statesman fit to

in a great downy 'chair; whilst in that soft  
 of his thought, blind Chance (or what at  
 we blindly call so) shall so dispose a thousand  
 wheels, that when he wakes, he needs but  
 his name, to publish to the world some blest  
 for which his statue shall be rais'd in brass.  
 Perhaps a moment thence, you shall behold him  
 wring his brain: His thoughts all stretcht upon  
 rack for publick service. The live-long  
 when all the world's at rest, consum'd in  
 and watching for their safety, when by a  
 wind in his fate, in spite of him some mischief  
 befall 'em, for which a furious Sentence strait  
 befalls, and they shall vote him to the scaffold.  
 Thus uncertain are the rewards and punishments;  
 even thus little do the people know when 'tis  
 a man merits one or t'other.

Now do I believe I am beginning to be a wise  
 for I never till now perceiv'd I was a fool. But  
 then really believe, Sir, our men in business  
 best they can?

Many of 'em do: Some perhaps do not.  
 you may depend upon; He that is out of  
 is the worst Judge in the world of him that is  
 first, because he seldom knows any thing of the  
 and secondly, because he always desires to  
 place.

And so, Sir, you turn the tables upon the  
 and play the fool and knave at his door.

If I do him wrong I'm sorry for't. Let him  
 himself, he'll find whether I do or not.

[Exit Æsop.]

... Examine! ... I think I have had enough  
 already. There's nothing left, that I know  
 to give sentence: And truly I think there's  
 difficulty in that. A very pretty fellow I am  
 Here am I come bellowing and roaring 200.

miles post to find my self an ass ; when with  
 quarter of an hours consideration I might have made  
 the self-same discovery , without going over my  
 threshold. Well ! if ever they send me on the  
 errand to reform the State again, I'll be damned.  
 But this I'll do : I'll go home and reform my family  
 if I can : Them I'm sure I know : There's my father  
 a peevish old coxcomb. There's my Uncle  
 a drunken old sot : There's my brother's a coward  
 bully : Son *Numphs* is a lubberly whelp : I've a  
 ramping daughter , that stares like a heifer , and  
 wife that's a slatternly sow.



### SCENE III.

*Enter a young gay , airy Beau , who stands scornfully  
 contemptibly upon Æsop.*

*Æsop.* Well, Sir, what are you?

*Beau.* A Fool.

*Æsop.* That's impossible ; ... for if thou wert  
 thou'd'st think thy self a wise man.

*Beau.* So I do... This is my own opinion ...  
 t'others my neighbours. [*Walking airily*]

*Æsop.* *gazing after him.* ] Have you any business  
 with me, Sir?

*Beau.* Sir , I have business with no body  
 pleasure's my study.

*Æsop.* *Aside.* ] An odd fellow this ... Pray  
 who are you?

*Beau.* I can't tell...

*Æsop.* ...Do you know who I am?

*Beau.* No Sir : I'm a favourite at Court, and  
 neither know my self, nor any body else.

*Æsop.* Are you in any employment?

*Beau.* Yes...

with *ep.* What is it?  
 have *ma.* I don't know the name on't.  
 over *ep.* You know the business on't I hope?  
 on *ma.* That I do... the business of it is ... to...  
 be *ep.* a Deputy, and receive the money.  
 my *ma.* ... Pray what may be your name?  
 my *ep.* *Empty.*  
 Uncle *ma.* Where do you live?  
 a *ep.* In the side-box.  
 I've a *ma.* What do you do there?  
 fer, *ep.* I ogle the Ladies.  
 [ *ma.* To what purpose?  
*ep.* To no purpose.  
*ma.* Why then do you do it?  
*ep.* Because they like it, and I like it.  
*ma.* Wherein consists the pleasure?  
*ep.* In playing the fool.  
*ma.* ... Pray Sir, what age are you?  
*ep.* Five and twenty... my body ... my head's  
 fifteen  
*ma.* Is your father living?  
*ep.* Dead, thank God.  
*ma.* Has he been long so?  
*ep.* Positively yes.  
*ma.* Where were you brought up?  
*ep.* At school.  
*ma.* What school?  
*ep.* The school of *Venus*.  
*ma.* Were you ever at the University?  
*ep.* Yes.  
*ma.* What study did you follow there?  
*ep.* My bed-maker.  
*ma.* How long did you stay?  
*ep.* Till I had lost my maidenhead.  
*ma.* Why did you come away?  
*ep.* Because I was expell'd.  
*ma.* Where did you go then?

*Beau.* To Court.

*Æsop.* Who took care of your education there?

*Beau.* A whore and a dancing master.

*Æsop.* What did you gain by them?

*Beau.* A *Mennet*, and the *Pox*.

*Æsop.* Have you an estate?

*Beau.* I had.

*Æsop.* What's become on't?

*Beau.* Spent.

*Æsop.* In what?

*Beau.* In a twelvemonth.

*Æsop.* But how?

*Beau.* Why, in dressing, drinking, whooring, claps, dice and Scriveners. What do you think of me now, old Gentleman?

*Æsop.* Pray what do you think of your self?

*Beau.* I don't think at all: I know how to bestow my time better.

*Æsop.* Are you married?

*Beau.* No... have you ever a daughter to bestow upon me?

*Æsop.* She wou'd be well bestow'd.

*Beau.* Why, I'm a strong young dog, you old P... you; she may be worse coupled...

*Æsop.* Have you then a mind to a wife, Sir!

*Beau.* *Yaw myn Heer.*

*Æsop.* What wou'd you do with her.

*Beau.* Why, I'd take care of her affairs, rid her of all her troubles, her maidenhead, and her position.

*Æsop.* And pray what sort of wife wou'd you be willing to throw your self away upon?

*Beau.* Why, upon one that has youth, beauty, quality, vertue, wit and money.

*Æsop.* And how may you be qualified your self to back you in your pretensions to such a one?

Why, I am qualified with ... a periwig...  
 ... a feather, ... a ... smooth face, ... a  
 ... and a patch.

But one question more: What settlements can

Settlements? ... Why, if she be a very great  
 indeed, I believe I may settle ... my self upon  
 her, and my pox upon her children for ever.  
 'Tis enough; you may expect I'll serve you,  
 in my way. But I wou'd not have you relye  
 upon your success, because people some-  
 times are mistaken... As for example...

Ape there was of nimble parts,  
 an intruder into hearts,  
 quick, and gay, and full of air,  
 or I, or any here;  
 in his dress, of splendid shew,  
 with an head like any beau.  
 his mirth was in his face;  
 when he went  
 as content,  
 fortune had but kindly sent  
 Ladies... and a looking-glass.  
 management they always gave him;  
 management to play the fool;  
 when they found it was a tool,  
 hardly be so much in love,  
 the mumbling of a glove,  
 wing of a fan wou'd save him.  
 the bounties he accepts as proof  
 done by his wit and youth;  
 their freedom gone for ever;  
 makes each female heart undone,  
 that very happy one,  
 which he'd please to do the favour.



In short, so smooth his matters went,  
 He guest, where e'er his thoughts were bent  
 The Lady he must carry.  
 So put on a fine new cravat,  
 He comb'd his wig, he cock't his hat,  
 And gave it out, he'd marry.  
 But here, alas! he found to's cost,  
 He had reckon'd long without his host:  
 For whereso'er he made the attack,  
 Poor pug with shame was beaten back.

The first fair she he had in chace,  
 Was a young cat, extreamly rich,  
 Her mother was a noted witch;  
 So had the daughter prov'd but civil,  
 He had been related to the Devil.  
 But when he came  
 To urge his flame,  
 She scratcht him o'er the face.

With that he went among the bitches;  
 Such as had beauty, wit and riches,  
 And swore miss *Maulkin*, to her cost,  
 Shou'd quickly see what she had lost.  
 But the poor unlucky swain  
 Miss'd his shepherdes again;  
 His fate was to miscarry.  
 It was his destiny to find,  
 That cats and dogs are of a mind,  
 When monkeys come to marry.

*Beau.* 'Tis very well; ... 'Tis very well, old  
 I say, 'tis very well. Because I han't a pair of  
 shoes, and a dirty shirt, you think a wo  
 won't venture upon me for a husband... Why  
 to shew you, old father, how little you Ph  
 phers know of the Ladies, -- I'll tell you an Adv  
 of a friend mine.

Band, a bob wig, and a feather;  
 And a Ladys heart together:  
 Band in a most learned plea,  
 And up of deep Philosophy,  
 And her, if she wou'd please to wed  
 Herrend beard, and take instead  
 Vigorous youth,  
 Solemn truth,  
 And books and morals into bed,  
 How happy she wou'd be.  
 The Bob he talk't of management,  
 And wondrous blessings Heaven sent  
 Care, and pains, and industry;  
 Truly he must be so free,  
 When he thought your airy Beaus,  
 In powder'd wigs and dancing shoes;  
 Good for nothing (mend his soul)  
 To mate, and talk, and play the fool.

He said 'twas *Wealth* gave joy and mirth  
 That to be the dearest wife  
 Who labour'd all his life;  
 To make a mine of gold his own,  
 Not spend *six-pence* when he'd done,  
 Was Heaven upon earth.

When these two blades had done, d'ye see,  
 The Feather (as it might be me)  
 Out, Sir, from behind the skreen,  
 With such an air, and such a mien!  
 You, old Gentleman, in short,  
 Quickly spoil'd the Statesmens sport.

Well, old fellow, a pair of  
 I think a woman prov'd such Sun-shine weather,  
 ... Why you must know, at the first beck,  
 You Philosopher leapt about his neck,  
 And an Adventure they went together.

To *Æsop.*] There's a tale for your tale, Old D  
and so... *Serviteur.* [E

*The End of the Second Part.*



